

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1072.—17 December, 1864.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE.
1. Fairy Alice, . . . . .	<i>Dublin University Magazine</i> , 579
2. A Family Pen (Jane Taylor, etc.), by Isaac Taylor, . . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , 586
3. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 595
4. Tony Butler. Part 14, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 599
5. Sacred Latin Poetry, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 614
6. Three Old Men, . . . . .	<i>London Review</i> , 617
7. The Mastery of Languages, . . . . .	<i>Examiner</i> , 620
8. Three Cups of Cold Water, . . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , 622

POETRY.—The Church Poor-Box, 578. The Jubilee, 578. Resigned, 598. Three-foot Rule, 598. A November Allegory, 598. Three Cups of Cold Water, 622.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Marriage in Law Life, 594. Sport and Sport, 623.

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## THE CHURCH POOR-BOX.

I AM a Poor-Box !—here I stick,  
 Nailed to a wall of whitewashed brick,  
 Teeming with “fancies coming thick,”  
 That sometimes mingle  
 With solid pence from those who kneel ;  
 While now and then, oh, joy ! I feel  
 A sixpence tingle !

The robin on me oft doth hop ;  
 I am the wood-louse’s working-shop ;  
 And friendly spiders sometimes drop  
 A line to me ;  
 While e’en the sun will often stop  
 To shine on me.

I am of sterling, close, hard grain  
 As any box on land or main ;  
 But age, my friends, who can sustain,  
 In solitude ?  
 Neglect might make a saint complain,  
 Whate’er his wood.

Heaven hath no doubt a large design ;  
 Some hearts are harder grained than mine ;  
 Some men too fat, and some too fine,  
 And some can’t spare it ;  
 I do not mean to weep and pine,  
 But humbly bear it.

This is a cold and draughty place,  
 And folks pass by with quickened pace,  
 Praying, perchance, a dinner-grace ;  
 But even then  
 I feel the comfort of His face  
 Who pities men.

I saw last week, in portly style,  
 A usurer coming down the aisle ;  
 His chin a screw, his nose a file,  
 With ginslet eye :  
 He turned his heel to cough and smile,  
 And sidled by.

I saw the same rich man this morn,  
 With sickly cheek and gait forlorn—  
 As feeble, almost, as when born ;  
 He dropped some pelf,  
 Pity the poor,—the weak and worn,—  
 Meaning “himself.”

I saw, last year, a courtly dame,  
 With splendid bust, and jewels’ flame,  
 And all the airs of feathered game—  
 A high-bred star-thing ;  
 All saw the gold—but close she came,  
 And dropped—a farthing.

Two days ago, she passed this way,  
 Heartbroken—prematurely gray—  
 Her beauty, like its mother—clay :  
 She gave me gold ;  
 “Oh, I am like thee,” I heard her say,  
 “Hollow and cold.”

The farmer gives when crops are good,  
 Because the markets warm his blood ;  
 The traveller ’scaped from field and flood,  
 Endows the poor ;  
 The dying miser sends his mud,  
 To make heaven sure.

A lover, with his hoped-for bride  
 (Her parents being close beside),  
 Drew forth his purse, with sleek-faced pride,  
 Rattling my wood ;  
 All day I felt a pain in the side,  
 He was “so good.”

The captain, fresh from sacking towns,  
 My humble claim to pity owns ;  
 The justice on his shilling frowns ;  
 But, worst of all,  
 Arch-hypocrites display their crowns  
 Beside my wall !

There came a little child one day,  
 Just old enough to know its way,  
 And clambering up it seemed to say,  
 “Poor lonely box,  
 Give me a kiss”—and went away  
 With drooping locks.

I have to play a thankless part ;  
 With all men’s charities I smart  
 But those who give with a child’s heart,  
 From pure fount sprung :—  
 The rest I take as on the mart ;  
 Wise head—still tongue.

—Household Words.

## THE JUBILEE.

*Nauticus loquutus.*

I’ve heard some talk of a Jubilee  
 To celebrate “our” “victory ;”—  
 Now I’m a chap as follows the sea,  
 ‘n’f’r’z I know, nob’dy’ll listen to me,  
 B’t I’ll tell y’ jist what’s my idee.

When you ‘n’ a fellah ‘z got your grip,  
 Before y’ve settled it which can whip,  
 I wont say nothin’. You let her rip !  
 Knock him to pieces, chip by chip !  
 But don’t fire into a sinkin’ ship !

I tell y’, shipmates ‘n’ lan’sm’n, too,  
 There’s chaps aboard th’t’s ‘z good ‘z you,—  
 ‘Twas God A’mighty that made her crew !  
 Folks is FOLKS ! ‘n’ that’s ‘z true  
 ‘z that land is black ‘n’ water blue !

Come tell us, shipmates, ef y’ can,  
 Was there ever a crew sence th’ worl’ began  
 That sech a wallopin’ had to stan’  
 ‘z them poor fellahs th’t tried t’ man  
 The great Chicago catamaran.

Wahl, this is what y’ve hed t’ do,—  
 T’ lick ‘em,—but not t’ drown ‘em too !  
 There’s some good fellahs, ‘n’ not a few  
 That’s a-swimmin’ about, all childed ‘n’ blue,  
 ‘n’ wants t’ be h’isted aboard o’ you !

Come, drowning foes ! your friends we’ll be,—  
 We’ve licked ! Haw ! haw ! You’re licked ! Hee !  
 hee !

Hooraw for you ! Hooraw for we !  
 We’ll wait till the whole wide land is free,  
 And then we’ll have our JUBILEE !

November 12, 1864.

O. W. H.

—Boatswain’s Whistle.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

"FAIRY ALICE."

I LOOK back—not a very long stretch—to certain days when our family house seemed a perfect little world,—compact, lovely, and complete,—when all things seemed to have a bright silver edge or lining like the clouds; and when little Fairy Alice, about seven years old, was the centre of all!

More a little lady than a child,—more, I believe, a little ornament or toy than one of the noisy band of young irregulars, disturbers of public peace, who climb steep sofas, and cry like the "Great Waters" of Versailles. Once a grave gentleman, who called, said something about "a regular bit of Dresden," a compliment but doubtfully received; since through such little sprinkling of geography as she had reached to it seemed to convey that she were no more than a fragment of the important capital of Saxony. But yet she saw that it was intended as a handsome speech. I suppose a bit of Dresden would be appropriate enough,—a little coquettish bit of Dresden,—with deep blue eyes, and flowing flaxen curls tied up sometimes with a blue ribbon—very wise and discreet—full, at the same time, of diminutive airs and graces,—a little actress, always before the footlights,—in short, Fairy Alice, as the whole household had it.

In that Edinburgh house, where Fairy Alice was a sort of little queen, and reigned regularly, lived a Mr. Bruce, an advocate, and father of Fairy Alice, a man of about six-and-thirty, in what is called respectable business, making a few hundreds a year, and yet with every hour of his time filled up. Not a handsome face, but a thinking face,—a face that seemed to hint it loved quiet and concentration on books and a smooth road of life to travel along; a man that chafed and writhed at anything like domestic battle, and on whose nerves a wordy conflict jarred violently. And this man of briefs and cases was married to a pale, cold, English lady, tall, handsome, stately, but whose whole soul was bound across and in all directions with the steel bands of an exquisite propriety. The advocate Bruce had been in London on some appeal, had been invited by a fellow-counsel to his house, and had straightway fallen a victim to the daughter of the fellow-counsel. She brought no

money with her, but, instead, an enormous dowry of perfect propriety.

Mr. Bruce, the advocate, and Mrs. Bruce the stately, were, as it were, the pillars of the mansion; but between them stood this little Fairy Alice, who was the centre of all. Both seemed to love her to infatuation, but after different fashions. Mr. Bruce, the advocate, openly, demonstratively, delighted always to welcome her into his sacred studio, where her temporary presence among the hard briefs and papers seemed to light up their rough realities with a golden glory. She delighted herself to enter—which she did, as it were, like a figure stepping down cut out of a picture—with some message or request, which she delivered wisely and discreetly, and then tripped out lightly in a flash! For these visits she always did a little bit of coquetry, setting a new bow in her hair, or a bit of ribbon across her shoulder in the quality of a sash.

I believe Mrs. Bruce loved her quite as much, and with as strong an infatuation; but that coldness of hers, and sense of the decencies, would always rise up between her and any display of affection. She was always, in fact, torturing herself by some such cruel sacrifice to the proprieties. When Mr. Bruce, the advocate, snatched a few moments from his treadmill below for a cup of tea and the fireside, and was taking Fairy Alice on his knee, and twisting her golden hair into new style of headdress, not as yet sanctioned by fashionable head-dressers, Mrs. Bruce, who would be looking on restlessly, and with the cold expression spreading gradually over her face, like a film of ice upon a pond; at last would interfere, "Please don't, Charles; don't you see you are rumpling all her new dress?"

"We will take care of that," would answer Mr. Bruce, smoothing it down carefully.

"Besides," continued Mrs. Bruce, the film gradually thickening, "you are giving the child such bad habits; do, please, set her down."

A shade would come upon the forehead of the advocate; deepening presently, "What harm is Fairy doing?" he would say; "there is no one by; surely, for a few moments, it can't make much matter."

"The child's mind will never be formed if she is indulged in these tricks. Please set her down—do, now."

All this while Fairy Alice's face has been growing thoughtful and distressed. She is so wise and so discreet, she knows perfectly what is coming, and is actually gently sliding down off the paternal knee.

"Come here, Alice," said her mother, austere and firmly; "get a chair and learn to sit as you would in society."

Mr. Bruce would set her down abruptly, push back his chair, and with a heavy sigh, stride rapidly out of the room. Poor Fairy Alice would look very sad, and timorously fetch her own special chair, and sit there in silence, with her parent,—now a perfect block of Wenham ice, but inwardly wrung by what she deemed this cruel disrespect to her in presence of their child. Wise Fairy Alice, quite conscious of this feeling in her mother, made an effort at indifferent and easy conversation, just, indeed, as experienced elders would have done in a similarly delicate situation. She drew her chair near to her pale, silent mamma, yet not so near as to outrage any of the proprieties, and began to prattle about London, and its joys and wonders, where, indeed, her mamma's heart always turned to. Nor was this any irregular disjointed child's talk, but sober and thoughtful and pointed. But Mrs. Bruce repelled her, not harshly, but coldly, hinted that an unrestrained curiosity was about one of the most dangerous faults in young people, and that "asking questions" was a criminal offence against the laws of society. Fairy Alice accepted the reproof, drew away her chair to the distance prescribed by the laws of society, and worked sadly at her sampler for the rest of the night.

How often these little misconceptions took place over the figure of Fairy Alice, whose little heart bled on every recurrence, it would be idle to mention. Wise Fairy Alice took note of all that was hidden underneath, and of those polite battles, concealed, it was thought, from her, under this aspect of cold speeches and indirect allusion. Many a time did Mr. Bruce, the advocate, rise up from his fireside, and, pushing back his chair, walk from the room, with that sigh of impatience. Little Fairy grew very sad over all this, and sometimes dimmed her bright eyes with some tears.

Besides this wonderful love which she had inspired, she had a greater claim to that indulgence which is supposed to spoil children,

from her being naturally delicate. She was fragile and airy; and some four years ago had been just snatched from death. A famous physician had a terrible tussle with the grim King of Terrors over her slight little frame, fought him desperately, inch by inch, and finally conquered him. Little Fairy Alice, over whom, for three weeks, there had been white, ghastly faces, and despair and terror and agony, recovered; but it was felt that a second such contest and such a victory was not to be thought of, and would end fatally. She was henceforth to be watched jealously, and that little fairy chest of hers to be fenced about with all manner of precautions.

However, at the end of the first year, it was said that she was getting strong; and in a year or two more, the eminent physician, taking soundings and gauges with his instrument, pronounced that everything was going on well, and that in a year or so she would be as "stout" as could be desired, and have a chest that might be the envy of all the world for its strength and endurance. Meanwhile, colds and draughts were to be avoided; "and," said the eminent physician, "don't let the little lady work too hard."

Her birthday came round somewhere about Easter,—a great festival in the house; the two parents made her presents, and there was usually some little gala organized for the day. Happily, too, at this season, Mr. Bruce had a sort of vacation at his courts, and putting on a little extra pressure in advance, contrived to devote one day to a sort of affectionate idleness. And it had come to one special year, when Fairy Alice was nine years old, and the prettiest little queen of her age that had been seen in the city.

They were to start early on the festival morning, take railway train to some pretty country district where there were abbey ruins, breakfast at a rustic inn, wander about, dine on the grass, and have a very happy day generally. There was a friend whom Mr. Bruce thought of a little wistfully that morning, who had been of these parties before, and whose cheerfulness and hearty spirits had been the most delightful leaven. On the last anniversary he had been with them; but, since then, circumstances had occurred which would render his presence unadvis-



ble. Fairy Alice was looking in that direction wistfully also; but though not in full possession of the facts, yet, with a wonderful instinct, she never alluded to it or questioned her parents.

This was an old friend of Mr. Bruce's,—a shrewd, long-headed, genial, true, honest, and blunt man of business; a burly figure, a broad chest, a square head, a thoughtful eye, and shaggy eyebrow sheltering it. A brave, clear, healthy creature in mind and body, with a bell voice, and a quick, sharp manner. Captain Bell, too, was his name.—"Commander Bell" was upon his card. He had served, not much within the range of shot and shell, but more in a pacific yet not less laborious direction: in guard ships, and on packet stations, and along the coast generally. He was now waiting for something more in the same category.

Fast friend he had always been to Mr. Bruce, through thick and thin, as it is called, rough and smooth, broad and narrow, weal and woe. Had often saved and extricated him in certain little difficulties; had counselled him always, and had, unluckily, specially advised him against that marriage with Mrs. Bruce. This interference had one day unluckily travelled to that lady's ears,—how it does not much matter now. It became the unpardonable sin,—naturally an offence never to be forgiven. And before long, by some ingenious device, kept for such purposes in the conjugal armory, and in the management of which wives are tolerably skilful, there sprung up a coldness and an almost positive hostility.

On this festive occasion, then, Mrs. Bruce had laid herself out, even laboriously, to be gracious. There were several things which she could not relish altogether, but she put a violent restraint on herself. There was no moral ice allowed to form. They went,—they breakfasted at the rustic inn,—they saw the abbey ruins,—they dined upon the grass, and were as happy as they had laid out to be. Fairy Alice was in great delight. Never did she so much belong to a Reynolds' picture as on this day. The sun that made the abbey ruins so picturesque, flashed down across her flaxen locks with a splendid gorgeousness. A little hat was perched on one side of her head, and one of those Irish scarlet cloaks, of a diminutive pattern, was on her shoulders. She did not skip and gambol about in the

grass, in which fashion children of her age testify their enjoyment, but was quietly joyous and very talkative, making light and wise remarks all through the day. Mr. Bruce, the advocate, was dragging no lengthening legal chain, and for a time had got clear of the fatal legal bondage. It was, indeed, a very happy time for all. Mr. Bruce, the advocate, was actually in spirits, and even became jocular.

Coming home in the train, Fairy Alice chattered for them noisily. She stood up between them and looked out of the window on the country flying past. They were the only passengers in that compartment, so they could speak without restraint.

"Come," said Mr. Bruce, "you shall stand up on the cushion, and you will see better. You can describe everything to us, like the man at the panorama."

Fairy Alice jumped up at once.

"Take care, Charles," said Mrs. Bruce; "she will fall out."

"Fall out?" said he, laughing; "Fairy is too wise for that; or if she does, I must go after her, for I have her here fast."

"Oh, how pretty!" said Fairy, with great delight. "I can see so well now. On the right, ladies and gentlemen, you will observe"—

"There," said Mrs. Bruce, "you have seen quite enough; so come down, Fairy."

"Oh, mamma, let me stay. I am quite safe here."

"I tell you, Helen, nothing can happen her. I have fast hold of her."

"But what is the use of it?" said Mrs. Bruce, her film of ice now beginning to spread. "It is so unmeaning. Why encourage the child in these sort of games? No well-brought-up girl ever climbs up on cushions."

Little Fairy, of a sudden grown serious, glides at once to the floor. Color came into Mr. Bruce's cheeks.

"What," he was going to say, "even on this day she cannot spare me, or spare this little creature;" but with a strong effort he checked himself, broke into the vulgarity of a faint whistling (an excess he was never guilty of for his private pastime), and said nothing. Again little Fairy, with that curious delicacy so much beyond her years, began tremulously her usual little prattle, and so for this once the difficulty was tided over.

After a few minutes Mr. Bruce had worked his mind clear of it; but Mrs. Bruce's nature was one of those which are specially sensitive, and make no difference in their sensitiveness whether the soreness be caused by themselves or others. She was cold and aggrieved. Just as their journey was coming to an end a brilliant idea occurred to him, which would make a suitable finish to this immortal day. The Sable Harmonists were at this time fulfilling an engagement at the Edinburgh Theatre, and after convulsing (said the bills) crowned heads indiscriminately over Europe, were now giving their "elegant drawing-room" entertainment, to what the same official document called "Nightly Thousands!" In fact, it was this very image—gorgeous, certain in its vast comprehension, but a little loose in English—that attracted Mr. Bruce's eye from the railway carriage window. "Suppose," said he, "we finish all with the Ethiopians, and make part of the 'Nightly Thousands'?" I declare we shall!" he added, growing enthusiastic at his own conception; "it will throw little Fairy into convulsions of laughter. She will fall in love with Bones, and adore the banjo-fellow who sings the pathetic ballads."

This vision of ecstatic bliss was too much for little Fairy, discreet little Fairy as she was. She almost uttered a cry. The beatific vision of the sable grotesques took her by surprise. "Oh, papa, papa!" she said, "how delightful! You are too good! How we shall enjoy it!"

"Well, then, it is agreed," said he; "we shall have just time to drive home, and put on all our festive garments."

Fairy Alice was thinking of a sweet little wreath which would lie quite smoothly on her golden locks. Mrs. Bruce had not yet said a word. For the moment he had forgotten her. "What do you say to the Ethiopians?" he said, with a sort of gayety.

"Personally, I am not interested," she answered,—the ice forming rapidly,—"since you do ask me the question."

"Oh, nonsense!" said he, with an affectation of heartiness, "you *must* come! We could not go without you, eh, Fairy?"

"Oh, mamma *must* come!" said the little girl, eagerly.

Mrs. Bruce's lip moved a little. "I thought you were consulting me as to the

propriety of going at all, not as to whether I would go myself. If you *do* ask me, I should say we have had enjoyment enough."

"But once a year," said Mr. Bruce, calmly,—"for little Fairy's birthday comes only so often,—such a little dissipation is not too much; the most rigid moralist must admit that."

"You can do as you please," said she. "If you ask my advice, I would think it scarcely proper to corrupt the child's mind with these profane shows."

Mr. Bruce colored up. "We will not discuss the point," he added, in a low voice, "before her. Wait until we reach home;" and he muttered something to himself, yet which she heard, and which took the shape of "outrageous."

They walked home in silence, little Fairy the heaviest-hearted of the three. As they entered the hall, she put up her lips to her father's face. "Papa," she said, "stoop down;" and he stooped down. The cold lady had swept on in front. "Don't—don't ask me to see Bones to-night, nor," she added with something like a twitch of pain, for it was a trial—"nor the banjo-man. We will give them up. Listen, papa," she added; "stoop down again. I am sure I should *not* like the banjo, nor—nor the bones."

"My little darling," said he, "don't be cast down; we shall see about it yet. Poor little plant," he said to himself, "she will be dried up—frozen—withered—if this goes on. Run up to the drawing-room and tell them to get tea."

"Helen!" he called out,—Mrs. Bruce had ascended just one flight,—"*would* you mind coming here for a moment?"

Mrs. Bruce descended again, stately, cold, impassive, yet with more color in *her* cheek. She entered his legal study, and the door was closed.

What took place within was not known to any of the household. But for Fairy Alice, who knew and could interpret circumstances with a wonderful intelligence, it was a terrible period, a time almost of agony. Her little heart fluttered distressfully; she was consumed with a strange agitation; for she knew well the unpleasant conflict there was going forward in the sacred study. A quarter of an hour, half an hour, it was all over with the notion of the sable harmonists. Already were those diverting artists convulsing

"Nightly *Thousands*;" but she never thought of those exquisite delineations with regret; nay, even they presented images repugnant and almost satanic.

Three-quarters of an hour and the study-door opened; some one passed out with a haughty, defiant rustle. The storm was over. Mrs. Bruce came into the drawing-room with hot cheeks, and little Fairy Alice crept up to her timorously. The stately lady put her by without a word, went to the fire, stood over it, and studied the coals with an intense earnestness, then walked away, still stately. Thus the sun of the happy anniversary set disastrously, this happiest day of the year. For long after it was looked back to with an uneasy horror and shrinking, and if its image presented itself at nightfall, was dismissed with something like a shudder.

For it bore fruit. Within a day or two after it was known that Mrs. Bruce was to make a journey to see her friends in London. To stay for a short or long time, indistinctly, —to go speedily, and with as little delay. No one of the friends or acquaintances guessed what was behind this journey, or what a pretence it covered. It was only held as confirmation certain of the fact that Mrs. Bruce was heart and soul an alien, and was longing to be with her English friends. It was thought curious that she was to go alone; and that Fairy Alice was to stay with Mr. Bruce. More curious still was the fact that a female relative of Mr. Bruce's was to come into residence immediately, and take charge of the establishment until Mrs. Bruce returned.

Mr. Bruce pursued his law sheet up as it were in strict confinement, in the sacred study. But outside, sad and solemn preparation went on for the departure. There was much packing to be done. To Fairy Alice some poor pretence was kept up,—of this being merely a temporary absence; but she knew the whole as fully and completely as though a regular explanation had been entered into for her benefit; she had wonderful sagacity, and, as I have said, knew the whole. That day week,—the day week of the happiest day in her year,—was Mrs. Bruce to set forth upon her London journey.

Never was there such a chilling, hopeless week. It dragged itself by like the last fatal days before an execution. Mrs. Bruce went about her preparations sternly, coldly, and

austerely. Not a sign betrayed any emotion. Mr. Bruce, the advocate, was scarcely to be seen; he kept himself fast imprisoned below, and took counsel with his briefs. But there was an intense weight of grief abroad in the house, and it really did appear to have fallen upon the little lady of the mansion, who, by this estrangement, seemed to have become bereaved of both father and mother, and to stand alone. Her little figure was surely unequal to such a premature burden.

It was really piteous to see her moving about with a worn, troubled air, as if care and responsibility were already on her little weak shoulders. She went about restlessly all day long, very silent, and not the least troublesome; when her mother was by affecting to be laboriously at work on her sampler, yet never asking an indiscreet or awkward question, so persuaded was she of the delicacy of the situation. When she was alone, she put away the eternal sampler, and with a weary look, laying that little cheek to rest on that hand, so little also,—an attitude of reflection, copied from her father,—she began to think painfully and anxiously. What plans could she be laying out in that wonderful little brain?

The stately lady remained stern and sad to the last, only her cheek grew thinner. Fairy Alice regarded her wistfully. I wonder was she yearning to speak her mind,—to pour out whatever wisdom she had concocted during those hours of reflection? But there was something so resolved and even desperate in the purpose of the stately lady that her little heart sank when she thought of it. Even with her gentler father, to whom she had strayed in, and who had taken her sadly on his knee, she felt this subject was not to be entered upon. For when he had kissed her, and kissed her again, and her golden tresses were shed all about his shoulder, and she had whispered softly, "Darling papa, we must not let mamma go away; must we?" she felt his arm relax, and his knee move away, and found herself put down gently on the ground.

"Poor child," he said, sadly, "do I want to send her away? But you can understand nothing of these things. Run up-stairs, and stay with your mamma; she is alone now." Universal wretchedness, moral gloom, was over all things in that house.

It came at last to three final days,—even

to the final day. There was still a gulf between Mr. Bruce, the advocate, and Mrs. Bruce. Both were coldly inflexible; there was on both sides the same height, depth, breadth, and thickness of pride; and the two quantities had met and would not give way. Some days before, indeed, during one of their meals, had he thrown out some gentle words, scarcely amounting to a positive advance, but still smoothing the road for an advance. These were frozen back upon him promptly.

Both, indeed, secretly turned towards that distant arbitrator, bluff, honest, business-like Commander Bell. His plain sense would be invaluable at this crisis; but with all his bluntness, he was sensitive, and had met with too open contumely to have forgotten it. And so it had come to the actual vigil of Mrs. Bruce's departure for London; and these two proud spirits, still aloof and defiant, were not to give way. With the morning Mrs. Bruce would go forth coldly; and time and distance, it is pretty well known, what efficient aids to a decent indifference they are!

Mrs. Bruce was above, making a feint of diligent packing; Mr. Bruce was below, making a more wretched feint still of briefs and cases. And Fairy Alice, after fluttering up and down uneasily, a prey to the most bitter uneasiness and anxieties, was now, with her little face actually haggard, sitting alone in the drawing-room on a low *prie dieu* chair, which by prescription was considered her private property. It was late in the evening; lights had not been brought in, and Fairy Alice was alone there with the gloom. She had not cried like other children; but she was weary with grief, and her little brain was sore and strained with thinking. Suddenly, with a child's sigh, she thought she would go up-stairs to her mamma's room, at which she had ineffectually knocked several times. On this visit she found it just open. She knocked softly; no one answered; she entered as softly.

A dim light was burning on a chair, and at first she thought there was no one in the room; but presently, beside the chair, she saw an open trunk, and beside the open trunk, on her knees, was her mother, bent down very low, looking at something in her hand, and weeping. She was indeed uttering low moanings rather than weeping. Much distressed, and at first almost agast, the im-

pulse of Fairy Alice was to rush forward; but the next moment a sort of timorousness checked her,—for at all times careless intrusion into the sanctuary of the cold lady was checked, and at such a moment of unrestrained feeling it would be bitterly resented,—and yet little Fairy Alice lingered, irresolute whether to stay or turn back. Just at this moment the cold lady turned toward the light, looking very earnestly at that picture in her hand, and Fairy Alice then saw the light glint on its rich gold frame, and instantly recognized its magnificence. It was a small colored photograph of her father.

She stole down-stairs again very softly and went back to her little chair again,—rather she turned over to the sofa,—and with her face on the cushion, the golden curls tumbling about it and covering it up like a veil, she wept there long very bitterly. Never was child so distressed. Poor hapless Fairy Alice! She had a world of care upon her that night.

An idea flashed upon her suddenly,—a vast and stupendous idea, almost overwhelming for that little brain. It lit up her face. She started from the sofa, put back her yellow curls. She was trembling with the majesty of the conception. She then crept away softly up-stairs to her own room, fetched down the Irish red cloak and hat, came down again as softly, and stood panting and fluttering in the hall, not knowing whether to go further or no. All was quiet and it was about eight o'clock. Mr. Bruce was still making believe to be busy with his briefs.

She opened the hall-door, and, after a moment's pause, shot away down the street. She knew the way perfectly, and yet she had almost lost her road. People coming home from work stopped to look after the pretty spirit in a scarlet cloak that flitted past them. Some made as though they would stop her. She was dreadfully frightened, but still held on. At last she came to a retired square and modest house, where Commander Bell, R. N., lived. Out of breath—filled with confusion—overwhelmed with the tremendous step she had taken—so it seemed to her—she rang the bell, and asked if she might see Captain Bell, please, for a moment. The servant stared at this little visitor, but without a word brought her in at once to the parlor, where Commander Bell, R. N., was sitting at the fire smoking.

Commander Bell, R.N., laid down his cigar in astonishment. He knew and recollected her, but could not comprehend it.

She told her little artless story. In her wise way, explained her hopes and fears and terrors, and finally begged of him to come back with her. "Oh, sir," she said, "you can help us. You are so good, so brave, so sensible!" Commander Bell was delighted. He could have taken her on his knee, but a sense of too much respect prevented him. He merely got his great rough pilot coat and hat, and taking her hand in his, set out.

It was a delicate task; but rough, honest Commander Bell was not to be kept back from a good work by such a consideration. They reached the house and entered. Commander Bell tapped at Mr. Bruce's door, and entering, shut it behind him. Little Fairy Alice fluttered up to the drawing-room, where her mamma was sitting desolate.

They sat together for half an hour and longer in the gloom, until at last steps were heard on the stairs,—heavy steps. Little Fairy Alice, who had been watching feverishly, started up, and ran to the door. And then there came upon the landing two figures,—Mr. Bruce and his friend. Fairy Alice ran half-way to meet them, and then stopping short, turned back to her mother. "Oh, mamma," said she, coming in, in a sort of flutter, "here is some one at the door; and do see him, and let us all be happy together again. Do, dear mamma."

It was dark, so no one could have seen her mother's face; neither did she say anything, but Fairy Alice felt her hand trembling on her shoulder. Then Mr. Bruce walked in, straightly and steadily,—leaving Commander Bell at the door,—and said,—

"Helen, don't—*don't* go away! Stay with us—with me—and with this darling."

When she was presently crying hysterically on Mr. Bruce's shoulder, there was below them a little sobbing face looking up; and two tiny arms, spread out (but not so far as they had will to spread themselves), drew together the estranged husband and wife,—further, seemed, with such little strength as they had, to hold them in that long embrace. Looking down, they presently saw this little infant angel of peace between them, and Mr. Bruce caught her up in his arms.

On that night it did indeed seem likely that the old misconceptions were never to return again; that the film of ice, should it ever form, was to melt away as soon as it was formed. The vision of Fairy Alice was to be as a beam of warm sunshine. If she were again to stand up, and look out of windows, it would be likely that she could do so without check. And as for "Bones" and his fascination,—even for the greater glories of pantomime,—these things as yet might be almost forced upon her,—heaped, as it were, into her little lap like sugar-plums. No doubt she would be as a silver chain to wind round and round them again; and then almost infatuation for this darling, growing every day, would hold them together, even if everything else were wanted.

Perhaps it was all for the best, as they were to be told, not many weeks later, with the dismal consolation, also, whispered that "the Lord gives and the Lord takes away." For on the night this little Fairy Alice went out on her journey, there was also abroad a sharp blast from the east, which pushed heavily against her all the way,—nay, even stabbed through the folds of the little red cloak. With her little gauzy chest it was easy work. So the next morning there was a cough, and the morning after, much heat and fever; and the eminent physician who had driven the great enemy down-stairs before found himself again face to face with his old antagonist, at the other side of the bed. He did what he could, that eminent physician,—worked with a will and sympathy; for he had a little girl of his own, whom he could only see for half an hour in the day. But the other was steadily and surely drawing her over to *his* side. And so it came finally to a dismal hour in a dismal day, when with a sweet smile and a sweet murmur of encouragement to two ghastly faces, wrung and worn, bending over, she drifted away softly out of life.

Now, in the study of a worn and hopeless barrister, who finds the world about him, and the men and women of the world, and all its affairs, and even his books, to be cold as ice and hard as granite—there hangs a child's scarlet cloak opposite his desk. It is the only bright patch of color left for him on earth.



From Good Words.

## A FAMILY PEN.

BY ISAAC TAYLOR.

A PEN which has been moist with ink—ink destined for the eye of the compositor—has been passing from hand to hand, within the circuit of a family,—it is now more than eighty years; and it is still in course of consignment to younger hands of the same stock.

A task, not of the easiest sort, it must be, to bring into view some personal incidents of this transmission in a manner that shall be characteristic, and at every point true to facts, and yet shall not trespass upon good taste, or wound the feelings of those concerned, or come under rebuke on the ground of egotism, or of an overweening estimate of literary doings. I am far from being confident in my ability to keep to a mid-channel while steering in and out among so many perils. In accordance with a usage that was not quite discontinued in the eighteenth century, but was rife in the seventeenth, I might incline here to prefix a supplicatory dedication,—“To the courteous reader,” or to the “kind reader,” or to any who were willing always to put a candid construction upon whatever might seem to need indulgence. Let it, then, be understood that this paper is explicitly dedicated “To the courteous and candid reader” of *Good Words*; and that the writer asks a favorable hearing for a few pages.

It must have been some time between 1768 and '70 that a youth, equally robust in body and in mind, and resolute in his thirst for knowledge, found himself in the midst of books,—shelves upon shelves, in a shop in High Holborn. He plunged into the intellectual flood with the eagerness and the confidence of one who feels and knows that he shall swim,—if only he may be free to strike the waves manfully. This youth, Charles Taylor, the son of an eminent engraver, had received, along with his brother Isaac, so much school learning as might then be had at a grammar school in the country. This school, at Brentwood, Essex, was one of those, the doings of which were so mercilessly turned inside out by Lord Brougham, in the course of the inquiries instituted for that purpose in 1818, and afterwards in 1837. Whether the grievous delinquencies of the Brentwood Grammar School had reached the

pitch which they afterwards attained, is not known; probably not so, for the two boys, Charles and Isaac, left it not wholly ignorant of Latin, nor, perhaps, of Greek. At a school in the city these acquisitions had been carried a few steps further upon the Gradus ad Parnassum. But whatever this schooling might have been worth either in the country or in town, it sufficed, in the instance of a youth so ardent and so firm-nerved as was Charles Taylor, to give him easy access to ancient literature, and to the folios of modern commentators (these were then mostly in the Latin language). This introductory learning included Hebrew, and more or less of rabbinical and Oriental scholarship, as well as two or three modern languages; moreover, as the son of an artist, and himself an artist by profession, at least, he had acquainted himself with numismatic lore, and with antiquarian art generally. These acquirements,—*incidental* to book learning, and very rarely combined with it, greatly promoted the labors of his after-life on the field of biblical illustration, and were enough to entitle Charles Taylor to his well-earned repute as the *Artist-Scholar*. With the marbles in the collection of the Duke of Richmond Charles Taylor made himself well acquainted; and his twenty-first year, which he spent in Paris, was industriously employed among the treasures of the king's library. A new influx of miscellaneous learning came upon him at a later time, when the books of the “London Library”—afterwards transferred to the building in Finsbury—were committed to his care as librarian, at his house in Hatton Garden, where they remained during several years.

It must have been at sundry times, during these years, and while the house in Hatton Garden, No. 103, was crammed with books,—up-stairs, down-stairs, and in the hall and passages,—that, in my visits to the family, I saw my learned uncle; and not very seldom, when charged with some message from home, I was admitted into his study. Alas! that photography was not practised fifty years ago! The man—his dishabille, and his surroundings—would, indeed, have furnished a *carte de visite* not of the most ordinary sort. The scene! the tables,—the library counters,—the cheffoniers,—the shelves and the floor (who shall say if the floor had a carpet?) all heaped with books,—books of all sizes and sorts,—books open, one upon

another,—books with a handful of leaves doubled in to keep the place,—books in piles, that had slid down from chairs or stools, and had rested unmoved until a deep deposit of dust had got a lodgement upon them! Quires of proof-sheets and revises,—here and there, folded and unfolded. On the table, usually occupied by the writer, there was just room for an inkstand, and for a folded sheet of demy or foolscap. But the genius of this chaos!—he was no pale, sallow, nervous, midnight-lamp-looking recluse, or ghost. Not at all so; but a man,—then just past mid-life,—powerful in bony and muscular framework,—singularly hirsute,—well limbed, well filled out, erect in walk, prominent and aquiline in feature,—teeming, as one should say, with repressed energy: always equal to more work than he had actually in hand: never wearied or wasted in labor, but impatient to be “at it again.” Work was his play; rest was his work;—moments of intermission cost him an effort: hours of labor none;—and he made the effort duly, when he came forth to take his seat at the family table. At the family table my learned uncle was urbane; perhaps he would be jocose; but he never discoursed of the matters wherewith his brain was then teeming. His table-talk was an instance in illustration of Talleyrand’s reply to an impertinent physician, who had tried to lead him into state affairs,—“Sir, I never talk of things that I understand.” It might seem, perhaps, as if the chief person at the tea-table was not used to give those around him credit for as much intelligence as they actually possessed: nevertheless, they did not impute to him anything like arrogance; certainly not pomposity or affectation. His deportment was quite of another sort,—it was not supercilious; but it appeared to have been framed upon the hypothesis of unmeasured spaces intervening between the study-table and the tea-table.

Although fixedly taciturn as to his proper literary engagements,—unless it might be with the few who were learned in his own line,—my uncle ever kept himself awake towards all subjects, literary, or scientific, or political, or statistical, that might come in his way. Nothing in philosophy, or in the arts, found him unprepared to bring it to its place in his storehouse of knowledge. As to books, he seemed to have them, chapter and page, at his command. Seldom did he

fail to reach, in a moment, the volume, or to find the page, where he should find what he had occasion to refer to. There is a sort of duplex memory which achieves wonders with those who possess it in a high degree. The first half of this double faculty takes to itself the place and the position of passages, in books, which have once been read. The second half is less mechanical, and is more intellectual; it is the recollection by *analogy*, or by the relation of matters. By aid of this endowment the stores of a library become available on any given subject. Charles Taylor’s memory, in details, even in branches of study far removed from his own walk, was of the sort that must seem marvellous to any who are not gifted in the same manner.

But as to these endowments, and these various acquirements and this constitutional force, had they been devoted to any worthy purpose? It must be granted that all gifts were well employed, and that the unabated labors of almost fifty years had been concentrated upon a great task, ably achieved. And this work of a life was crowned with much success. Charles Taylor must have been in his seventeenth year when, as above said, he came into the command of a bookseller’s stock of second-hand books. Upon the shelves in this shop there was a copy of Calmet’s “*Dictionnaire Historique et Critique de la Bible*.” It was precisely the book to rivet the attention of a youth of this order. At a very early time after becoming acquainted with it, and no doubt with the other voluminous writings of the learned Benedictine, he formed the resolve to bring out the Dictionary in English, appending to it the gleanings of his own studies. To the due performance of this task, he thenceforward devoted all the hours he could command, through a track of about fifteen years, until he believed himself to be prepared for submitting a sample of the work to the judgment of the learned public,—or rather of the very few who then ruled the learned world in the department of biblical literature.

At that time, and, indeed, until a much later time, works of this class had rarely appeared in England; and in the field of Oriental usages and of pictorial antiquarianism, very little had been done. Harmer’s “*Observations*” was almost the only work of the same class. The fragmentary essays which accompanied the Parts of the Dictionary

challenged attention as adventures upon new ground. Those were not the days of "Cyclopædias of Biblical Literature," nor of "Dictionaries of the Bible," nor of "Bible Dictionaries Illustrated;" nor of other suchlike worthy endeavors to popularize biblical learning. The English translation of Calmet's Dictionary, with the Fragments and the Plates, has been the parent of a numerous family,—in foolscap folio, and in imperial, and in extra demy; nor has it been always that the offspring has yielded the dues of affection, or even of common justice, to their ancestor.\* But the "learned world" of that time were not slow to perceive, or to acknowledge, the merits of these "Parts"—the Dictionary—the Fragments and the Plates. The editor (translator, commentator, and illustrator) received praise, and abundant encouragement to go on. Five volumes in quarto appeared in due course, and they were speedily reprinted. In the year in which Mr. Taylor's death occurred, a fifth edition of these quartos was carried through the press.

But who was the editor of Calmet,—who was this sole and unassisted builder of what has been spoken of as "a stupendous monument of literary industry"? In these times "spirited publishers," who speculate in cyclopædias, take care to enlist the *élite* of universities, at home and abroad, in their service: and no doubt they do well,—or intend well, in taking this course; but here was a Samson, alone, who, with his brawny arms, clutching the pillars of the palace of learning, did what he had purposed to do. Who, then, was he? It was nobody that had ever been known at Oxford or at Cambridge, or even at Edinburgh or Dublin. Call, then, at the house where the parts are published, —108 Hatton Garden,—and put the question. On the door-posts, either side, there is "C. Taylor, Engraver." Go in and ask for the editor of Calmet. You will never find him, or not *there*. Mr. C. Taylor, Engraver, may be spoken to, if you have any proper reason for asking him to come down into the lobby; but you will learn nothing from him about this invisible editor. His

\* I have occasion here to keep in mind the rule,—*de mortuis nil, nisi bonum*,—and therefore must repress the impulse to assert my uncle's merits, so unfairly and ungenerously called in question by the late John Kitto. How would his own ill-digested work fare if dealt with in the same fashion?

answer to this interruption would be a look of annoyance, impatience, perhaps, but no clearing up of the mystery. You are as likely to get an answer from the colossal Memnon in the British Museum. To the end of his days Charles Taylor refused to acknowledge himself as anything more than an artist, an engraver, or, at least, he would not be addressed as the editor of Calmet, or as the author of the Fragments. The few men of antiquarian erudition, with whom, at times, he conversed, could not fail to divine the secret; but, at least, he would give them no right to report it from his lips.

I might err in attempting to penetrate the motives of this concealment. It might seem an incoherence thus to persist in the anonymous, year after year, for half a century; but I am sure it was no real incoherence in the mind of this accomplished man; yet unless one had seen him at home and in his study, one should not get into the secret. There are reasons of an obvious and ordinary sort that might be named as probable, such as these,—there would be reasons of policy, prudential reasons, and reasons of feeling. Mr. Taylor, although to the end of his days he was a nonconformist, and a constant attendant at the old meeting-house in Fetter Lane, was, by temperament, and by the tendencies of his studies, decisively Conservative; or, in the style of that time, he was a thorough-going Tory. It is not unlikely that what he had seen and foreseen in France, of the coming thunder-storm of the Revolution, strongly took effect upon his opinions, when the thunder and the lightning actually came on to frighten all Europe. The Revolution hardened, in their Toryism, all who, like Edmund Burke, had been prepared to look at it in that light. Nobody more bold or free than he in his range of thought, on critical ground; nevertheless, in personal demeanor, in conventional observances, and in the punctilious rendering of titles of honor where due, he never appeared at fault. It is easy to imagine, then, what were probably the feelings of a man of this disposition, in bringing before the public a voluminous work, implying very extensive reading, and a measure of scholarship that was not the most common. An indictment against such a one as he was would contain several counts: *first count*, a layman; *second count*, a nonconformist; *third count*, a member of no university, and

one who had taken no degree, and was not entitled to so much as an A. M. A man laboring under these several conditions of disadvantage would feel—in proportion to his individual conservatism, he would feel it—that, in coming abroad, he must crouch under the shield of the anonymous. So was it, in fact, that the engraver ventured into print, nobody knowing who he might be.

After enjoying for several years the shade and shelter of this shield,—great and manifold as are the benefits which this shield affords,—Mr. Taylor would be reluctant to relinquish them. Literary ambition, or *ambition* of any sort, certainly was not his ruling passion. Gladly he would allow the ambitious, the pretentious, the noisy, to go by him, and pass on to the front. For himself, he asked only to be *let alone*, and to be allowed to go on with his work,—unknown, if so it might be. But there was yet something more in this life-long adherence to concealment. A supreme devotion to the task he had undertaken, and to which he had given the best years of his life,—from eighteen to seventy (near it),—ruled him in an absolute manner. He thought highly of the importance of these, his chosen expository labors. He had confidence in his ability to prosecute them to some advantage. His ardor and industry had been recruited from time to time by the plaudits of biblical scholars, English and foreign, and by the proffered patronage of church dignitaries. Content, thus far, and assured that he was not spending his strength to no purpose, he went on: his study and his books and *his work* were enough for him; and he cared very little for literary notoriety.

An instance very dissimilar in its circumstances, and in its visible proportions, but yet in harmony with it as to principle, was at hand, within the same family,—or, I should say, in the family of Charles Taylor's brother, Isaac. But now may I presume that readers of *Good Words*, who perhaps have known nothing of the five quartos of this Bible Dictionary, may care to hear something of the young persons, who, sixty years ago, put forth *Original Poems*, *Hymns for Infant Minds*, and some similar books,—not indeed in folio, or in quarto, or even in 8vo? I have ventured to say that a *principle* connects the above-mentioned five quartos; ed-

ited by the uncle, with the now-mentioned 24mos put forth by his two nieces. I think I shall make this relationship intelligible. The great pyramid of all that is printed might be sorted into several smaller pyramids, on several grounds of distinction; but there is one that has a real difference as its reason:—there is a literature which is *literary* properly; it possesses no very serious intention:—it courts, and it wins, favor, in various degrees, according, or not according, to its intrinsic merits:—it reaps its reward—or perhaps no reward—in a commercial sense. A small portion of this printed mass survives its hour, and takes a place among the classics of the language: it reprints through several decades of time. Thus far all is clear. But there is a literature which has had its origin in motives that are wholly of another order. By a solecism, or an allowable ambiguity, it receives its designation as *literature*: yet it is *unliterary literature*. It did not spring either from literary ambition, or from calculations of gain. The producers of books of this class—*books*, whether they be great or small—had been incited by no eagerness to be known as authors: perhaps they shrunk from notoriety, and would most gladly have remained under the screen of anonymous authorship to the end of their course. If the due recompense of their labors did reach them at last, this material remuneration never took the foremost place in their regards. They wrote what they wrote, with an *intention* and for a *purpose* that was ever prominent in the estimate they formed of their own successes or failures. Fame or no fame,—income or no income, these writers asked themselves, or others about them, if they had written to good purpose. If an affirmative answer to *this* question could be given in at the bar of conscience, substantial comfort would be thence derived,—spite of discomforts, many.

On this ground it is likely, and so it will appear in fact, that books, great and small,—publications the most dissimilar in bulk, in quality, in purpose, in pretension,—will be brought together: disproportion and unlikeness will not be a reason sufficient for dissociating those products of the press which are found to be in harmony, as to the inner reason, or the true impulse, which has brought them into being. Thus it is, therefore, that I find a connecting thread running

on with the family pen, as it was held by the uncle, and as it has been held and used by his two nieces. A purpose, better and higher in its aim than literary ambition, or than pecuniary advantage, did rule, so I believe, in the one instance; and that it ruled in the other instance, I well and intimately know. Conversations and consultations, turning upon this very point of the comparative value of the motives which are wont to take effect within the precincts of literature, I perfectly well remember. Should it be literary reputation or fame, or pecuniary advantage, and remuneration for work done; or should it be the higher and the better motive; namely, *usefulness* in the best sense? Of my surviving sister in the firm of "Ann and Jane," I am not free to speak; but I need be under no restraint in giving evidence as to what were *Jane's* motives in presenting herself, even in the humblest guise, before the public as a literary person. Her constitutional diffidence and her tendency to shrink from notice were so decisive that, so long as it was possible to do so, she clung to her concealment. From the very first, the *effective* motive was the hope and prospect of doing good. On frequent occasions in those years during which I was my sister's companion, the fixed purpose of her mind made itself evident in our conversations: it was always uppermost with her, and it continued to prevail with her more and more to the end of life. There was a season in her literary course when fame—such as might seem to be her due—was within her reach; and if it came, it came: but she was not a listener for it. As to the fruits of authorship in a commercial sense, her *motto*, if so one might call it, was this: "My income, whether it be more or less, is the exact sum yearly with which it pleases God to intrust me."

Here, then, is the sort of instance which I have had in prospect when intending to speak of a pen as passing from hand to hand in a family.

There had been a preparation for the service which was thus to be rendered. The preparation, in the case of the biblical expositor, was a long term of years devoted to the most arduous labors among books. The preparation in the case of the two young authors of the poems and hymns that have lived so long and have gone so far, was an education

in and for intellectual labor, along with an excellent moral discipline.

It is customary to give license to egotism when it is only the praise of *industry* that is attempted. Not a step beyond this border will I now make a trespass. The home within which Ann and Jane Taylor received their education, and underwent their preparation of training, was indeed fairly entitled to commendation on account of the occupation of all hours of the day, from early to late, by everybody therein resident. Yet this system of unremitting employment was carried through without any rigorous exactions, without any inflictions, without any consciousness of constraint. Assiduity was the tone and style of the house. Nor were frequent recreations forgotten. Set days and times were duly observed, and were almost superstitiously honored. I have not seen in later years anything comparable to my father's industry. No man of whose habits I have known anything has seemed to achieve a daily task of the same amount, and of the same *variety*. What he did in giving effect to the *operose system* which he had devised for the education of his children has been an amazement to me to think of. Some of the still extant monuments of this comprehensive and laborious scheme of instruction might well pass for enough, if brought forward as the sole products of many years of labor: they were, in fact, the product of the earliest hour of each day: much of this sort was done by the candle light of the winter's morning. The artisan who was on his way to the place of his daily toil would not fail to see the light in my father's study window:—he, already awake and at work:—his devotions first, and then some educational outfit,—in science,—history,—geography. We all had a perfect confidence in the reasonableness and the utility of those methods of instruction, in carrying out which we were required to perform our parts. The apparatus of teaching was huge: nevertheless, the daily portion assigned to each of us came quite within the limits of reasonable industry. We were not injuriously crammed or broken in spirit.

It is probable that there were items in the school cyclopædia which might have been lopped off without serious damage; at least this might be the fact in relation to the fe-



male side of the home college. For an instance we might take this: it was not, perhaps, indispensable to the completeness of a girl's education that she should have at her command the terms and the principles of *Fortification*. Nevertheless, so it is that among the extant memorials of that early training time,—in which the brothers and the sisters of this family took their part,—I find outlines of fortified towns, engraved, colored, and shaded, the names having been written in upon these outlines by the learner; so we see *glacis*, *counterscarp*, *bastion*, *fosse*, *lines of circumvallation*; and it happens that rough drafts of poems and of hymns that have since come to be well known, far and wide, were scrawled upon the margins of some of these lessons in the art of war! Certain branches of knowledge that are quite remote from the range of ordinary education were in fact made familiar to all of this family by these comprehensive methods of teaching; and if in some cases the intellectual gain could scarcely be appreciable, no doubt there was a useful discipline involved in the mere labor of the process.

As to literary ambition, or any eagerness to venture into print, such impulses were far from the minds alike of parents and of children. Certainly a contrary feeling was strong with both parents. The early scribbles of Ann and Jane were known to them, and were not actually prohibited, yet were never encouraged. Jane, in her earliest years, had amused herself with the project of writing and publishing a book; but this was only a pastime of childhood, and it was forgotten at an after-time, along with other games and romances. There is a portrait of the two sisters, hand in hand, pacing the broad green path of the garden at Lavenham. The girls—nine years old, and seven—are supposed to be reciting, as was their wont, some couplets of their joint composition, anticipatory of their united authorship in after-years. On his side the intelligence of the father went in the direction of sober information:—it was knowledge and science, rather than literature or taste, that prevailed with him. On the mother's side, although from her teens she had been scribbling verses, and although she was herself so dependent for her daily comfort upon books, she had a decisive feeling of antagonism toward *authorship*. The thought of it, if it could have occurred to her

that her daughters were to appear in that position, would have troubled her. This repugnance toward literature, as a profession, had not sprung, I think, from a perusal of Disraeli's noted book, or from any experience of those "calamities" within the family circle. The feeling had its rise in a dislike of any pursuit that could not plead in its behalf a direct and intelligible *utility*. The question might, indeed, have been put,—“Are not these books, a constant supply of which is so important to your own daily comfort,—are not these books useful? And if so, then have not the authors of them, or many of them, been well employed in writing them?” This must be granted; nevertheless, a prejudice against *lady* authors kept its ground. It is not improbable that a pungent dislike of certain of the English female sympathizers with the French Revolution, inclusive of Mary Wolstonecraft, had given force to this antipathy.

Nevertheless, and in spite of contrary purposes entertained by parents or children, and, notwithstanding the ingrained constitutional modesty of one or two of these “young persons,” authorship did come upon them as if it came with the force of a destiny, or as if what I have ventured to speak of as a Family Pen had been thrust between finger and thumb, *volens nolens*, and as if the word had been uttered when the pen was given, “Use this—within the compass of your ability,—use it always for the best purposes.” But at this point I may fancy myself to hear a sarcastic caution from critics of the present time, warning me not in any such way to exaggerate the humble performances of a forgotten literary epoch, or to speak of small things as if they were great things. Great or small in the eye of modern criticism, books of any dimension that last long, and that go far,—even the wide world over,—may fairly be named without needing an apology. It so happens this very day, while I write, that an advertisement in the day's paper makes mention of new editions of books that had found their way into tens of thousands of families more than sixty years ago. Whether criticism be right or wrong in its verdicts, there must have been a principle of vitality; there must now be a *substance*—a moral force—in books that maintain their *first reputation* over and beyond sixty years, and that, throughout this lapse of time, have been in

favor wherever English is the language of families. There is no ground of boasting in this instance. The *principle* that has given this vitality to these little books is of a sort that removes them from the jurisdiction of mere criticism. It is a fact not questionable that these books have had a great share in carrying forward the moral and religious education of at least the religiously disposed mass of two or three generations. And what is true of the families which have accepted them on this side the Atlantic, is true to the fullest extent as to those on the other side, and the same in every English colony.

I may be admitted to give evidence touching what I have known of my late sister's turn of mind, and her principles, and her motives as a writer; but in doing this I am carried back to Devonshire and to Cornwall, whither I have already ventured to take the reader of these papers. The years of our companionship in Devon and Cornwall were almost my sister's last years as a writer. She wrote little after the time of our last return from the western counties. The recollection I retain of those daily conversations, in which, incidentally, she uttered her inmost mind on subjects of this sort, are recollections of *places* and of *scenes*, quite as much as of *firesides*. I should not much care to ramble about in North Devon now that railways have gone thither, and that excursionists in crowds have broken in upon its sweet solitudes! There was a time when the region of which Ilfracombe is the centre had an aspect of seclusion that was highly favorable to tranquil musings, and especially to religious meditations, when such meditations have received a tone from constitutional pensiveness, and also from the discipline of events; it was *pensiveness*, not melancholy. So long ago as the years I have now in view, an hour's ramble upon the rocks at low water, or over the hills eastward or westward, might be freely taken with scarcely a chance of encountering a human creature,—certainly not a visitor from the outer world.

Thus Jane describes one of these solitudes, a drear lone place:—

"Bare hills and barren downs for miles you trace,

Ere is attained the unfrequented place;  
And when arrived, the traveller starts to find  
So wild a spot the abode of humankind."

In these rambles—

"Mid scattered rocks on Devon's northern sea"  
she found great pleasure in examining—

"Those gay watery grotts,—  
Small excavations on a rocky shore,—  
That seem like fairy baths, or mimic wells,  
Richly embossed with choicest weed and shells:  
As if her trinkets Nature chose to hide  
Where nought invaded but the flowing tide."

In longer walks inland, over the moors, she would find the text of her meditations while tracing

"The curious work of Nature—  
A work commenced when Time began its race,  
And not yet finished—  
The rich gray mosses brodered on a rock."

It would be a mistake to infer from this taste for seclusion, and this relish of Nature,—when not gayly attired,—that my sister's mood was gloomy, or unsocial, or ascetic. It was quite otherwise. Wit and pensiveness have in several noted instances shown themselves to be two phases of the same intellectual conformation. There is not a paragraph in what she has written for young or for mature readers that is of a morbid or sullen quality. All has a healthy complexion. No sentiment is in any such way *individualized* as that it would not easily combine with an energetic and cheerful performance of ordinary duties. This is the rule,—a cheerful mood, and a readiness for useful and charitable offices, must always be right and good for each and for all of us, young and old,—whatever may be the tendency of the individual temperament. My sister might, indeed, indulge feeling and imagination in a morning's walk, but when she returned to her little study and took pen in hand, she thought no longer of herself, but only of her reader—and especially of her *young* reader. There was no insincerity in this case. At the time of our sojourn—a sojourn of several years—in Devon and Cornwall, there had come upon her a breadth of feeling as to the discharge of what I venture to call her *ministry* through the press. A ten years of this ministry, with an ever-increasing extension of its field, had at length availed to put her constitutional diffidence out of countenance, if so one might say; for there could no longer be room to doubt that an opportunity was presented to her,—a door was opened, and it was a wide door, and a sense of responsibility thence ensued:—it was as if, when she had her pen in hand, a great congregation of the young,

from childhood up to riper years, had come within reach of her vision and her voice,—even of so feeble a voice. Was it fame that she cared for? I find in her home letters of this date, frequent expressions of this kind,—a warm commendation of a new volume had appeared in some monthly publication: she asks to see it, and says, “I am much more anxious to see blame than praise, and the thought that you may keep back anything of that kind would fidget and discourage me beyond measure.”

Gifted in an unusual degree with an insight of human nature, my sister’s humbleness of mind saved her from the cynical mood. Writing to a friend, an authoress, she says, “It is only studying *nature*, without which I could do *nothing*. If you are at a loss for character, take mine, and you will find faults enough to last out a whole volume. I assure you that I take greater liberties with *myself* in that way than with any of my friends or neighbors; and I have really found so far, that the beam in my own eye makes me see more clearly how to take the mote out of theirs.”

The change from Devon to Cornwall was not for the better as to scenery. Mount’s Bay, in a bright morning, is a fair sample of what the English coast, south and west, has to show in that line; but it should be seen in sunshine; whereas—and this is the commendation of the North Devon coast—that wintry skies and rolling seas suit it well, and give it a charm in harmony with itself. Nevertheless, if the *material* of Cornwall was less to her taste, the *immaterial* yielded more than a compensation. Friendships were framed at Marazion which came home to her affectionate nature, and which, moreover, were of a sort differing much from those of earlier years. These new friendships brought into view an aspect of Christian earnestness with which my sister had not hitherto been intimately conversant. Her early intimacies had been of the sort to which might be applied the epithet—*Christianized intellectualism*. The friendships which had their beginning in Cornwall were, in a more decisive sense, Christian-like. Among these I think I may be free to mention one, the effect of which upon my sister’s feelings, and I might say her opinions and purposes, was very perceptible. If I use the words *friendship* or *intimacy* in this instance, such terms must

submit to a qualification, or to an abatement of their usual sense. The Christian lady—Lydia Grenfell, who had been the betrothed of so eminent a person as the missionary, Henry Martyn—was herself indeed an eminent person. If you were in her company half an hour only, you felt her high quality as a Christian woman: you would say, this is one who, if called to accept the crown of martyrdom, might be looked to as fit and ready to wear it; and when her actual history came to be known, you would understand that indeed she had passed through a fiery trial not at all less severe than many a martyrdom.

This personal history does not come within my range in this instance. What I have to do with is—the silent influence of a year’s contact with this heroic lady. Hers was a heroism graced with profound humility. This contact could not fail to find elements congenial in the temperament of one like Jane Taylor. Yet the constitutional framework of the two minds was widely dissimilar; but there was a connecting link,—*devotedness*, in a Christian sense, and a preference always of the claims of duty had been Jane’s rule and principle; but now there was in her view daily a devotedness that had carried the victim through the fire of intense suffering. My sister had proffered her services to Miss Grenfell as a teacher in the Sunday-school at Marazion, and it was while laboring in the school that she obtained a more intimate knowledge of this lady’s eminent qualities than the occasions of ordinary intercourse could have imparted. The result was an enhanced sense of responsibility in the use of any gift or talent that may be employed in promoting the welfare of those around us, or of any whose welfare we may in any way consider as coming within the circle of our influence. Viewed in this light, authorship and literary repute, while they lost importance in one sense, rose in value in another sense. This deepened feeling of responsibility may be traced in my sister’s letters to the members of her family and to her intimate friends.

When I thus speak of authorship, and of the estimate that is formed by a writer of the value of literary reputation, there is a condition that should be kept in view. If a writer thrusts into a place of secondary regard his or her literary reputation, and aims

at a higher mark with a steady purpose, the question presents itself,—what in fact is the offering that is thus laid upon the altar? At the time when, as I am now affirming, my sister's acquaintance with this Christian lady was producing a deep and silent effect upon her own mind, and upon her course as a writer, she had achieved what may be called a *second success* in her own literary sphere. There had been an interval of several years between the publication of "Original Poems" and "Hymns" and the appearance of several volumes addressed to mature readers. These volumes, from the moment of publication, were successful in a very unusual degree. Large editions came out, from year to year. Whatever Jane Taylor put forth was warmly greeted by the public that had learned to look for her name. Literary ladies who may have been successful in an equal degree, would not, I think, be severely blamed by their friends if they did show some elation, or seemed *conscious* of the favor they had won. As to *this* successful writer,—so I can affirm,—she suffered no damage to her humbleness of heart, or none that could be de-

tected by those nearest to her, from all the fame she had acquired. This is my testimony concerning her. What she wrote after this time was often playful, and sparkled with wit; but nothing indicated an overthrow of that balance of the mind which had always been her distinction,—it was her characteristic. Known or unknown to the world, she was always *sober-minded*; she was always willing to abide in the shade; she was always near at hand for any work of friendship or of charity: to the very end,—I mean to the day of her last attendance at public worship, she was a diligent Sunday-school teacher.

In her earlier productions Jane Taylor wrote in combination with her still surviving sister, concerning whom a testimony of similar import might be borne,—but she survives. In her later writings, or some of them, she took a part with her mother, who had already published successfully. Of her, and of others of the family into whose hand a pen has come, there may be room to say what would occupy another page, if so it may be in avoidance of egotism and of pretension.

**MARRIAGE IN LAW LIFE.**—We have much pleasure in announcing that the honorable Law Craft is about shortly to be united to Equity, sole surviving Daughter and Heiress of the late Honest Man, formerly of Paradise Place, and whose loss many years ago was so deeply felt, and so universally lamented.

We extract from Debrett the following interesting particulars:—

"The Craft family is one of great antiquity. In 100, Norman Craft having come into possession *per fas et nefas* of the estates of Crass Saxon, formed an alliance with Lady Verbosity, by whom he had issue, first, Common Law Craft, and secondly, Statute Law Craft. From these stocks are descended the great Delays, which figure so conspicuously in forensic circles. Between the Crafts and the Equities, a feud existed for many generations, similar to that between the Guelphs and Ghibelines, but with far more disastrous consequences, if we may credit the Reports in legal circulation. It must, however, be admitted that although no branch of the Equity family was ever perhaps passionately enamored of the Crafts, an alliance would long since have been formed between some of their members, had not the banns been forbidden by certain parties who had expectations from the Crafts."

On what moral ground they opposed the union of Law Craft and Equity, it is difficult to understand, unless that, looking at the Table of Consanguinity, they thought them to be too nearly related. We may observe *en passant*, that some of these interested parties were in the cabinet line, and had actually worked at the Bench.

At length, however, a reconciliation has been effected, owing in some measure, we believe, to the kind offices of Sir J. P. Wilde, of Divorce Court, Westminster, whose frequent interference between man and wife has not met with its customary acknowledgment, his judicial countenance having no scratch at present on either side of it. Sir J. P. W., we understand, will give away the Bride; and Westbury, of Old Square, Lottery Office Keeper, and celebrated as a seller of chances, patronized by Her Majesty, will furnish the *trousseau*, which includes an elegant selection of cases surmounted by the Royal Arms. The nuptials, it is anticipated, will be honored by the presence of the eminent Physician Dr. Brougham, to whom the Law Crafts are considerably indebted, the Doctor having frequently been called in to prescribe for his old friend's lameness, and by whose judicious regimen the Patient's system has been braced. We sincerely hope that conjugal harmony will give a new tone to his constitution.—*Punch*.

From The Saturday Review.

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.\*

REPRINTS of books which, like Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," have become classical are always deserving of encouragement. The fashion of them may have passed away, yet they are links in the chain of literary history; and when, as in the present instance, such works are carefully planned and written, their particular merits as well as their general usefulness justify their occasional republication.

The "Lives of the Poets" are, upon the whole, the best of Johnson's prose writings. We doubt whether the "Rambler," or the "Idler," would now instruct or amuse any modern reader even in the solitude of an inn-parlor on the rainiest of days. Sir Roger de Coverley and the widow, Sir Andrew Freeport and Gypsy Moll, Will Wimble and Will Honeycomb, are always pleasant companions, whether the sky be clear or overcast. But Will Marvel, Mrs. Busy and Minim, Squire Bluster and Betty Brown, are "very tolerable and not to be endured." Whether grave or gay, Johnson's imaginary portraits are too uniform and ponderous in their structure and discourse for the patience of mortals as they now are. It is not so with his "Lives." Upon them he expended, without effort, sterling sense and shrewd, if not brilliant, wit. To the composition of them he came armed with ample supplies of literary history, some of them drawn from printed sources, but more from the traditions of Grub Street or the anecdotes of clubs and coffee-houses. As regards their style, the "Lives" manifest, in comparison with Johnson's earlier writings, a decided improvement. When he was writing under pressure, such as payment for the day's dinner or the week's lodging, he wrote stiffly and often pompously. "The thread of his verbosity was sometimes finer than the staple of his argument." His weighty sense was encumbered by antithesis or diluted by repetition. From such defects the "Lives of the Poets" are comparatively free. They are most conspicuous in his "Life of Savage," for that was written at a time when Johnson was anxious for the morrow; they are scarcely visible in his ac-

count of Dryden, Addison, or Pope, for these were composed after his well-earned and well-bestowed pension had relieved him from the terrors of hunger or debt. Of all his writings his biographies most nearly resemble his conversation, and his conversation surpassed his writings as much as these surpass the productions of the contemporary Kenricks, Campbells, and Hendersons, or the average contributions to *Cave's Magazine* or *Griffith's Review*. The talents and advantages of Johnson, as the biographer of English poets, were available for the period of the Restoration and the next century. With our earlier literature he was but slenderly acquainted, and he was perhaps incapable, from the texture and training of his understanding, of appraising, even had he been well versed in it. Wordsworth, in his Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," points out the grave defect of Johnson's "Lives" in commencing a history of English poets with Cowley instead of Chaucer. But had they opened with the father of English song, we doubt whether they would have been as good as they now are. However the "Canterbury Tales" might have fared in his hands,—and, remembering some of his censures on Shakspeare, we can hardly suppose that Chaucer would have been kindly or righteously dealt with by Johnson,—we may be sure that Gower, Lydgate, Gascoigne, and Hawes would have been as distasteful to him as were Percy's "Reliques." He had little respect for antiquity, and little knowledge of English philology. The reasons that led him to condemn Fairfax's translation of "Jerusalem Delivered" would probably have caused him to undervalue the Spenserian stanza, while to the intricate allegory of the "Faëry Queen" he would have been as morose as he was to the mythology of Lycidas. The author of the tragedy of "Irene" would have proved a rough censor of Shakspeare's precursors and contemporaries; and the blame he not unjustly casts on the lovers of Cowley and Waller would have been meted in tenfold measure on the poems of Habington, Carew, Lovelace, and Suckling. But for the series of poets commencing with Cowley and ending with Akenside,—we exclude from the list Milton and Gray, as beyond Johnson's ken,—he possessed all that was needed for a judicious and, when his religious or political prejudices did not warp

\* "The Lives of the most Eminent English Poets, with Critical Observations on their Works." By Samuel Johnson. Vol. 1. Oxford and London: J. H. & J. Parker. 1864.



his judgment, a fair valuation of them. Than Johnson there never was a better judge of verse in which reason is more potent than imagination; and to this class of poets—a secondary one, indeed—belongs nearly every one of the subjects of his “Lives.”

For the choice of the “Lives,” and the limits of his work, Johnson was not responsible. On Easter Eve, 1777, a deputation from forty of the London booksellers waited upon him to inform him that a new edition of the English Poets, from Crowley downwards, was in contemplation; and, before applying to him to prefix to their works a brief memoir of each writer, they had doubtless consulted their ledgers, to see what order of poets was the most likely to bring sure and speedy returns. Johnson, who for more than thirty years had been a bookseller's hack, was not the man to debate the point with the Fathers of the Row in favor of earlier claimants for priority, to whom, moreover, he was indifferent. He took the offer as it was made, his single scruple being their coming to him at such a holy season on secular business; but he performed the task as no other man then living could have done. Perhaps, had he been free to choose a literary occupation, he could have found none more congenial to his taste than that which the deputation offered him. He had once projected a history of learning and literature, but, either from his constitutional indolence or want of encouragement, the scheme came to nothing. He might have succeeded in it, for he possessed an unusual force of dogged perseverance; he had “circumnavigated the globe of the English language;” and he compelled himself to edit Shakspeare after nine years of dallying and delay. But it is quite as probable that he would have failed in it, at least in the subsidiary portions. His pen was superior to Thomas Warton's, but he had neither Warton's love for black-letter literature nor Warton's sagacity in disinterring grains of gold from the dust and rubbish heaps of antiquity. For Lives, however, which involved little research, and for which the materials were for the most part already in his hands, Johnson was well prepared. His general interest in the *quidquid agunt homines* at all times and under any circumstances, and his especial interest in the vicissitudes of the scholar's life, arrayed him in the complete armor of a biographer of poets. With a

mind full of the knowledge required, his original plan of “allotting to every poet an advertisement containing a few dates and a general character” rapidly expanded itself. A single, and not a stout, volume would have sufficed for such brief prefaces. Fortunately for his own fame and for English literature, ten small volumes were found necessary. The first four appeared in 1779, the remaining six in 1781.

The first volume of the handy edition before us contains one of the worst and one of the best of the series. The best is the Life of Dryden; the worst, we need scarcely say, is that of Milton. Against the great Puritan poet every one of Johnson's antipathies was arrayed. Milton had opposed nearly all that Johnson loved, and defended nearly all that he hated. The biographer was a sound, indeed a superstitious, Churchman, and a sturdy Jacobite; the poet had lifted his hand against the ark of the English covenant, and applauded the execution of the king. The political writings of the one are full of splendid visions and theories of civil and religious liberty; the political pamphlets of the other are tinctured with servility to the powers that be. Milton extolled, and Johnson abominated, the republics of Greece and Rome; and, in short, there was not a point in common between them except reverence for the Bible and hatred of Scotchmen. But Dryden came within the weights and measures of Johnson's critical balance. His power of reasoning in harmonious numbers was extraordinary, and of that power the biographer was a consummate judge. Indeed, he had some qualities in common with those of the author of the “Hind and the Panther” and “Absalom and Achitophel.” Dryden drew human characters in verse with a master's pencil, and Johnson sketched them in prose,—provided always they were not fictitious, in which no man was ever unhappier,—with kindred force and felicity. The conversion of the third and tenth satires of Juvenal into modern satires, or rather into moral essays, is a work in which Dryden, had he attempted it, would have succeeded. Of Johnson's success there can be no question. The “Ode on St. Cecilia's Day” indeed, and the “Fables,” he could not have written. He had no lyrical vein, neither any gift of narrating in verse. But the satires of Dryden struck similar and responsive chords in Johnson's breast. As

a sample of discriminating criticism and dignified expression, the "Life of Dryden" has not its superior in any language.

The "Lives of the Poets" took at once the position which they have ever since held. For sense, animation, and power of writing, they have no modern superior. To find their equal, we must go back to the "Agricola" of Tacitus or the "Agesilaus" of Xenophon, and Johnson has no cause to shrink from comparison with either. The best modern biographies, before the "Lives of the Poets" appeared, were written in Latin, and of them very few were good. Gassendi's "Life of Peirescus" is entitled to rank among the best, but its philosophical transcends its literary worth. Italy is rich in histories and biographies of poets and learned men, but, though it may be profitable, it is seldom pleasant to read them. The "Eloges" of the French writers, brilliant sometimes as compositions, are as unsatisfactory in the main as academical exercises or funeral sermons. Fuller's examples of "Holy and Profane State" entertain us by their lively wit, and are replete with pathetic touches and deep moral truth; but their principal charm lies in their revelations of the author's idiosyncrasy. They are a species of parable,—virtues and vices biographically illustrated, stories trimmed and shaped to suit ethical or theological texts.

Johnson, before he undertook the "Lives of the Poets," had served his apprenticeship to biographical art. He had contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Library Magazine*, the *Student*, and other periodicals of the time, the lives of thirteen eminent persons; and of these, the accounts of Boerhaave, Sydenham, and Frederic of Prussia—a monarch after Johnson's, as well as Mr. Carlyle's, heart—deserve, for their style, to rank with the "Lives of the Poets." Perhaps the success of the latter took the public, and even the author's friends, by surprise. In an unlucky hour, he, in the year 1775, wrote a political pamphlet entitled "Taxation no Tyr-

anny," being an answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress. The title was absurd, but the pamphlet was even more absurd than its title. Even Boswell could find nothing in it to commend, and less partial critics might fairly imagine that years, and the effects of early penury and ever-present disease, had enfeebled Johnson's powers. This unfortunate tract was one of five political essays, in all of which the author, if we except one or two vigorous passages, had the use only of his left hand. For political writing, indeed, he was as unfit as he was fit for literary and critical composition. In the latter, he is a Hercules rejoicing in his strength; in the former, he is a Hercules twirling a distaff. He knew little of party questions, and cared less for them. Johnson writing in defence of the Grafton or North Ministry was as much out of his element as William Cobbett would have been writing an epic poem.

But within four years after "Taxation no Tyranny" had raised suspicions of Johnson's decline, he had the opportunity of showing that they were groundless. Age had not staled, nor variety of suffering or labor withered, his intellectual powers. He arose, being then on the verge of his seventieth year, like a giant refreshed with wine, and produced his best work. We acknowledge the vigor of his Preface to Shakspeare, while we dissent from his critical canons; we admire the energy which enabled him to write the "Rambler" and the "Idler," though we do not care to recur to their pages; we prefer his Letters from the Hebrides to his "Journey in the Western Islands;" but it is to his "Lives of the Poets," and to the records of his conversation, that we turn when we wish to understand the character or to revive our impressions of Samuel Johnson.

Of this convenient edition it is sufficient to say that it is a comely and correct pocket volume, a reprint mainly of the third edition of the "Lives" which was published in 1783. The few notes upon the text relate principally to dates.

NOTHING IN IT.—Curran was addressing a jury in one of the State trials in 1803, with his usual animation. The judge, whose political bias was supposed not to be favorable to the prisoner, shook his head in doubt or denial of one of the advocate's arguments. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's

head; common observers would imagine that implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken: it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that, when his lordship shakes his head, there's nothing in it!"

## RESIGNED.

NEVER again on the shoulder  
To see our knightly bars ;  
Never again on the shoulder  
To see our lordly leaves ;  
Never again to follow  
The flag of the Stripes and Stars ;  
Never again to dream the dream  
That martial music weaves.

Never again call " Comrade "  
To the men who were comrades for years ;  
Never to hear the bugles,  
Thrilling and sweet and solemn ;  
Never again call " Brother "  
To the men we think of with tears ;  
Never again to ride or march  
In the dust of the marching column.

Never again be a sharer  
In the chilly hour of strife,  
When, at dawn, the skirmish-rifles  
In opening chorus rattle ;  
Never to feel our manhood  
Kindle up into ruddy life,  
'Mid the hell of scenes and noises,  
In the hot hours of battle.

Crippled, forlorn, and useless,  
The glory of life grown dim,  
Brooding alone o'er the memory  
Of the bright, glad days gone by ;  
Nursing a bitter fancy,  
And nursing a shattered limb ;  
Oh, comrades, resigning is harder —  
We know it is easy to die.

Never again on the jacket  
To see our knightly bars ;  
Never again on the jacket  
To see our lordly leaves ;  
Never again to follow  
The flag of the Stripes and Stars ;  
Never again to dream the dream  
That young ambition weaves !  
—*Harper's Magazine.*

## THE THREE-FOOT RULE.

A SONG ABOUT STANDARDS OF MEASURE, AND  
THE BATH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

AIR—"The Poacher."

WHEN I was bound apprentice,  
And learned to use my hands,  
Folk never talked of measures  
That came from foreign lands :  
Now I'm a British workman,  
Too old to go to school ;  
So whether the chisel or file I hold,  
I'll stick to my three-foot rule.

Some talk of millimetres,  
And some of kilogrammes,  
And some of decilitres,  
To measure beer and drams ;

But I'm a British workman,  
Too old to go to school ;  
So by pounds I'll eat, and by quarts I'll drink,  
And I'll work by my three-foot rule.

A party of astronomers  
Went measuring of the earth ;  
And forty million metres  
They took to be its girth :  
Five hundred million inches, though,  
Go through from pole to pole ;  
So let's stick to inches, feet, and yards,  
And the good old three-foot rule.

The great Egyptian Pyramid  
's a thousand yards about ;  
And when the masons finished it,  
They raised a joyful shout :  
The chap that planned that building,  
I'm bound he was no fool ;  
And now 'tis proved, beyond all doubt,  
He used a three-foot rule.

Here's a health to every learned man  
That goes by common sense,  
And would not plague the workman  
On any vain pretence ;  
But as for those philanthropists  
Who'd send us back to school,  
" Oh, bless their eyes if ever they tries "  
To put down the three-foot rule !  
—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## A NOVEMBER ALLEGORY.

NOVEMBER winds are stealing  
Chill, chill o'er the sands,  
Where fairy castles in summer  
Were builded by tiny hands.

Hushed are the soft, shrill voices,  
Their handiwork washed away,  
And the little architect-angels  
Returned to their natural clay.

Shrouded in mist of purple  
The sun-god sinks to his rest,  
All his golden lockets streaming  
Tenderly over Night's breast.

A weed shows tossed on the billow,  
Black in the feathery foam ;  
Rooted from out the forest  
Of its ten-fathomed rock-bound home.

It is cast where the wave may fling it,  
By its wanton fury hurled  
On the beach ; as we oft lie stranded  
On the sands of a treacherous world.

Onward ! Not to my spirit  
Shall the lesson be read in vain :  
Who knows but the wave returning  
May float the bright weed again ?  
ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.  
—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## PART XIV.—CHAPTER XLVIII.

## "IN RAGS."

If Tony Butler's success in his new career only depended on his zeal, he would have been a model clerk. Never did any one address himself to a new undertaking with a stronger resolution to comprehend all its details, and conquer all its difficulties. First of all, he desired to show his gratitude to the good fellow who had helped him, and secondly, he was eager to prove, if proven it could be, that he was not utterly incapable of earning his bread, nor one of those hopeless creatures who are doomed from their birth to be a burden to others.

So long as his occupation led him out of doors, conveying orders here and directions there, he got on pretty well. He soon picked up a sort of Italian of his own, intelligible enough to those accustomed to it; and as he was alert, active, and untiring, he looked, at least, a most valuable assistant. Whenever it came to indoor work and the pen, his heart sank within him; he knew that his hour of trial had come, and he had no strength to meet it. He would mistake the letter-book for the ledger or the day-book; and he would make entries in one which should have been in the other, and then, worst of all, erase them, or append an explanation of his blunder that would fill half a page with inscrutable blottedness.

As to payments, he jotted them down anywhere, and in his anxiety to compose confidential letters with due care, he would usually make three or four rough drafts of the matter, quite sufficient to impart the contents to the rest of the office.

Sam M'Gruder bore nobly up under these trials. He sometimes laughed at the mistakes, did his best to remedy—never rebuked them. At last as he saw that poor Tony's difficulties, instead of diminishing, only increased with time, inasmuch as his despairing himself led him into deeper embarrassments, M'Gruder determined Tony should be entirely employed in journeys and excursions here and there through the country,—an occupation, it is but fair to own, invented to afford him employment, rather than necessitated by any demands of the business. Not that Tony had the vaguest suspicion of this. Indeed, he wrote to his mother a letter filled with an account of his active and useful labors. Proud was he, at last, to say that he was no

longer eating the bread of idleness. "I am up before dawn, mother, and very often have nothing to eat but a mess of Indian-corn steeped in oil, not unlike what Sir Arthur used to fatten the bullocks with, the whole livelong day; and sometimes I have to visit places there are no roads to,—nearly all the villages are on the tops of the mountains,—but by good luck, I am never beat by a long walk, and I do my forty miles a day without minding it.

"If I could only forget the past, dearest mother, or think it nothing but a dream, I'd never quarrel with the life I am now leading; for I have plenty of open air, mountain walking, abundance of time to myself, and rough fellows to deal with, that amuse me; but when I am tramping along with my cigar in my mouth, I can't help thinking of long ago,—of the rides at sunset on the sands, and all the hopes and fancies I used to bring home with me, after them. Well! it is over now,—just as much done for as if the time had never been at all; and I suppose after a while I'll learn to bear it better, and think, as you often told me, that 'all things are for the best.'

"I feel my own condition more painfully when I come back here, and have to sit a whole evening listening to Sam M'Gruder, talking about Dolly Stewart and the plans about their marriage. The poor fellow is so full of it all that even the important intelligence I have for him he won't hear, but will say, 'Another time, Tony,—another time; let us chat about Dolly.' One thing I'll swear to, she'll have the honestest fellow for her husband that ever stepped, and tell her I said so. Sam would take it very kindly of you, if you could get Dolly to agree to their being married in March. It is the only time he can manage a trip to England,—not but, as he says, whatever time Dolly consents to shall be his time.

"He shows me her letters sometimes, and though he is half wild with delight at them, I tell you frankly, mother, they wouldn't satisfy me if I were her lover. She writes more like a creature that was resigned to a hard lot than one that was about to marry a man she loved. Sam, however, doesn't seem to take this view of her, and so much the better.

"There was one thing in your last letter that puzzled me, and puzzles me still. Why

did Dolly ask if I were likely to remain here? The way you put it makes me think that she was deferring the marriage till such time as I was gone. If I really believed this to be the case, I'd go away to-morrow, though I don't know well where to, or what for. But it is hard to understand, since I always thought that Dolly liked me, as certainly I ever did, and still do, *her*.

"Try and clear up this for me in your next. I suppose it was by way of what is called sparing me, you said nothing of the Lyles in your last, but I saw in the *Morning Post* all about the 'departure for the Continent, intending to reside some years in Italy.'

"And that is more than I'd do if I owned Lyle Abbey, and had eighteen blood-horses in my stable, and a clipper cutter in the Bay of Curryglass. I suppose the truth is, people never do know when they're well off."

The moral reflection, not arrived at so easily or so rapidly as the reader may imagine, concluded Tony's letter, to which in due time came a long answer from his mother. With the home gossip we shall not burden the reader, nor shall we ask of him to go through the short summary,—four close pages,—of the doctor's discourses on the text, "I would ye were hot or cold," two sensations that certainly the mere sight of the exposition occasioned to Tony. We limit ourselves to the words of the postscript.

"I cannot understand Dolly at all, and I am afraid to mislead you as to what you ask. My impression is,—but mind it is mere impression,—she has grown somewhat out of her old friendship for you. Some stories possibly have represented you in a wrong light, and I half think you may be right, and that she would be less averse to the marriage if she knew you were not to be in the house with them. It was, indeed, only this morning the doctor said, 'Young married folk should aye learn each other's failings without bystanders to observe them,'—a significant hint I thought I would write to you by this post."

When Tony received his epistle, he was seated in his own room, leisurely engaged in deciphering a paragraph in an Italian newspaper, descriptive of Garibaldi's departure from a little bay near Genoa to his Sicilian expedition.

Nothing short of a letter from his mother could have withdrawn his attention from a

description so full of intense interest to him; and partly, indeed, from this cause, and partly from the hard labor of rendering the foreign language, the details stuck in his mind during all the time he was reading his mother's words.

"So that's the secret, is it?" muttered he: "Dolly wishes to be alone with her husband,—natural enough; and I am not the man to oppose it. I hope she'll be happy, poor girl! and I hope Garibaldi will beat the Neapolitans. I'm sure Sam is worthy of a good wife; but I don't know whether these Sicilian fellows deserve a better government. At all events, my course is clear,—here I mustn't stay. Sam does not know that I am the obstacle to his marriage; but I know it, and that is enough. I wonder would Garibaldi take me as a volunteer. There cannot be much choice at such a time. I suppose he enrolls whoever offers; and they must be mostly fellows of my own sort,—useless dogs, that are only fit to give and take hard knocks."

He hesitated long whether he should tell Sam M'Gruder of his project; he well knew all the opposition he should meet, and how stoutly his friend would set himself against a plan so fatal to all habits of patient industry. "And yet," muttered Tony to himself, "I don't like to tell him that I hate 'Rags,' and detest the whole business. It would be so ungrateful of me. I could say my mother wanted to see me in Ireland: but I never told him a lie, and I can't bear that our parting should be sealed with a falsehood."

As he pondered, he took out his pistols and examined them carefully; and poising one neatly in his hand, he raised it, as marksmen sometimes will do, to take an imaginary aim. As he did so, M'Gruder entered, and cried out, laughing, "Is he covered—is he dead?"

Tony laid down the weapon, with a flush of shame, and said, "After all, M'Gruder, the pistol is more natural to me than the pen; and it was just what I was going to confess to you."

"You are not going to take to the highways, though?"

"Something not very unlike it; I mean to go and have a turn with Garibaldi."

"Why, what do you know about Garibaldi or his cause?"

"Perhaps not a great deal; but I've been



spelling out these newspapers every night, and one thing is clear,—whether he has right or wrong on his side, the heavy odds are all against him. He's going in to fight regular troops with a few hundred tramps. Now I call that very plucky."

"So do I; but courage may go on to rashness, and become folly."

"Well, I feel as if a little rashness will do me a deal of good. I am too well off here,—too easy,—too much cared for. Life asks no effort, and I make none; and if I go on a little longer, I'll be capable of none."

"I see," said the other, laughing, "Rags do not rouse your ambition, Tony."

"I don't know what would—that is, I don't think I *have* any ambition now;" and there was a touch of sorrow in the last word that gave all the force to what he said.

"At all events, you are tired of this sort of thing," said the other, good-humoredly, "and it's not to be much wondered at. You began life at what my father used to call 'the wrong end.' You started on the sunny side of the road, Tony, and it is precious hard to cross over into the shade afterward."

"You're right there, M'Gruder; I led the jolliest life that ever man did till I was upward of twenty; but I don't believe I ever knew how glorious it was till it was over; but I mustn't think of that now. See! this is what I mean to do. You'll find some way to send that safely to my mother. There's forty odd pounds in it, and I'd rather it was not lost. I have kept enough to buy a good rifle—a heavy Swiss one, if I can find it—and a sword-bayonet, and with these I am fully equipped."

"Come, come, Tony, I'll not hear of this! That you are well weary of the life you lead here is not hard to see, nor any blame to you either, old fellow. One must be brought up to Rags, like everything else, and *you* were not. But my brother writes me about starting an American agency,—what do you say to going over to New York?"

"What a good fellow you are!" cried Tony, staring at him till his eyes began to grow clouded with tears,—“what a good fellow! You'd risk your ship just to give me a turn at the tiller! But it mustn't be,—it cannot be! I'm bent on this scheme of mine,—I have determined on it."

"Since when?—since last night?"

"Well, it's not very long, certainly, since I made up my mind."

The other smiled. Tony saw it, and went on: "I know what you mean. You are of old Stewart's opinion. When he heard me once say I had made up my mind, he said, 'It doesn't take long to make up a small parcel;' but every fellow, more or less, knows what he can and what he cannot do. Now I cannot be orderly, exact, and punctual,—even the little brains I have I can't be sure of keeping them on the matter before me; but I defy a horse to throw me; I'll bring you up a crown piece out of six fathoms water, if it's clear; I'll kill four swallows out of six with a ball; and though these are not gifts to earn one's bread by, the man that has them needn't starve."

"If I thought that you had really reflected well over this plan,—given it all the thought and consideration it required"—

"I have given it just as much consideration as if I took five weeks to it. A man may take an evening over a pint of ale; but it's only a pint after all,—don't you see that?"

M'Gruder was puzzled; perhaps there was some force in the illustration. Tony looked certainly, as if he thought he had said a clever thing.

"Well, Tony," said the other, after a moment of grave thought, "you'll have to go to Genoa to embark, I suppose?"

"Yes; the committee sits at Genoa, and every one who enrolls must appear before them."

"You could walk there in four days."

"Yes; but I can steam it in one."

"Ay, true enough; what I mean to ask of you is this: that you will go the whole way on foot; a good walker as you are wont think much of that; and in these four days, as you travel along,—all alone,—you'll have plenty of time to think over your project. If by the time you reach Genoa you like it as well as ever, I've no more to say; but if,—and mark me, Tony, you must be honest with your own heart,—if you really have your doubts and your misgivings,—if you feel that for your poor mother's sake"—

"There, there! I've thought of all that," cried Tony, hurriedly. "I'll make the journey on foot, as you say you wish it, but don't open the thing to any more discussion. If I relent, I'll come back. There's my hand on it!"

"Tony, it gives me a sad heart to part with you;" and he turned away, and stole out of the room.

"Now I believe it's all done," said Tony, after he had packed his knapsack, and stored by in his trunk what he intended to leave behind him. There were a few things there, too, that had their own memories! There was the green silk cap, with its gold tassel, Alice had give him on his last steeple-chase. Ah, how it brought back the leap—a bold leap it was—into the winning field, and Alice, as she stood up and waved her handkerchief as he passed! There was a glove of hers; she had thrown it down sportively on the sands, and dared him to take it up in full career of his horse; he remembered they had a quarrel because he claimed the glove as a prize, and refused to restore it to her. There was an evening after that in which she would not speak to him. He had carried a heavy heart home with him that night! What a fund of love the heart must be capable of feeling for a living, sentient thing, when we see how it can cling to some object inanimate and irresponsible. "I'll take that glove with me," muttered Tony to himself; "it owes me some good luck; who knows but it may pay me yet?"

#### CHAPTER XLIX. MET AND PARTED.

TONY went on his way early next morning, stealing off ere it was yet light, for he hated leave-takings, and felt that they weighed upon him for many a mile of a journey. There was enough on the road he travelled to have interested and amused him, but his heart was too full of its own cares, and his mind too deep in its own plans, to dispose him to such pleasures, and so he passed through little villages on craggy eminences and quaint old towers on mountain tops, scarcely observing them. Even Pisa, with its well-known Tower, and the gemlike Baptistery beside it, scarce attracted notice from him, though he muttered as he passed, "Perhaps on some happier day I'll be able to come back here and admire it." And so onward he plodded through the grand old ruined Massa and the silent Sarzana, whose palaces display the quarterings of old crusading knights, with many an emblem of the Holy War; and by the beauteous Bay of Spezzia he went, not stopping to see poor

Shelley's home, and the terrace where his midnight steps had almost worn a track. The road now led through the declining ridges of the Apennines, gorgeous in color,—such color as art would have scarce dared to counterfeit, so emerald the dark green of the waving pines, so silver-like the olive, so gloriously purple the great cliffs of porphyry; and then through many a riven cleft, through feathery foliage and broad-leaved fig-trees, down many a fathom low the sea!—the blue Mediterranean, so blue as to seem another sky of deeper meaning than the one above it.

He noticed little of all these,—he felt none of them! It was now the third day of his journey, and though he had scarcely uttered a word, and been deeply intent on his own fate, all that his thinking had done was to lead, as it were, into some boundless prairie, and there desert him.

"I suppose," muttered he to himself, "I am one of those creatures that must never presume to plan anything, but take each day's life as I find it. And I could do this. Ay, I could do it manfully, too, if I were not carrying along with me memories of long ago. It is Alice, the thought of Alice, that dashes the present with a contrast to the past, and makes all I now attempt so poor and valueless."

As the road descends from Borghetto there is a sudden bend, from which, through a deep cleft, the little beach and village of Levanto are seen hundreds of feet beneath, but yet in that clear still atmosphere so near, that not only the white foam of the breaking wave could be seen, but its rhythm-like plash heard as it broke upon the beach. For the first time since he set out had the charm of scenery attracted him, and, descending a few feet from the road, he reached a large square rock, from which he could command the whole view for miles on every side.

He took out his bread and cheese and a melon he had bought that morning, and disposed himself to eat his dinner. He had often partaken of a more sumptuous meal, but never had he eaten with so glorious a prospect at his feet.

A little lateen-sailed boat stole out from beneath the olives and gained the sea; and as Tony watched her, he thought if he could only have been a fisherman there, and Alice his wife, how little he would have envied all that the world has of wealth and honors and

ambitions. His friend Skeffy could not do this, but *he* could. *He* was strong of limb and stout of heart; he could bear hardships and cold; and it would be so fine to think that, born gentleman as he was, he never flinched from the hardest toil, or repined at the roughest fare, he and Alice treasuring up their secret, and hoarding it as a miser hoards his gold.

Ay, down there, in that little gorge, with the pine wood behind and the sea before, he could have passed his life, with never a longing thought for the great world and its prizes. As he ran on thus in fancy, he never heard the sound of footsteps on the road above, nor noticed the voices of persons talking.

At last he heard, not the words, but the tone of the speakers, and recognized them to be English. There is that peculiar sound in English utterance that at once distinguishes it from all other speech, and Tony, quite forgetting that his high-peaked Calabrian hat and massive beard made him far more like an Italian brigand than a British gentleman, not wishing to be observed, never turned his head to look at them. At last one said, "The little fishing village below there must be Levanto. John Murray tells us that this is the land of the fan palm and the cactus, so that at length we are in Italy."

"Do you know,—shall I confess it," said the other,—"that I am not thinking of the view, beautiful as it is? I am envying that peasant with his delicious melon on the rock there. I am half tempted to ask him to share it with me."

"Ask him, by all means," said the first speaker, laughing.

"You are jesting," replied the other, "but I am in sober earnest. I can resist no longer. Do you, however, wait here, or the carriage may pass on and leave us behind."

Tony heard nothing of these words; but he heard the light footsteps, and he heard the rustle of a woman's dress as she forced her way through bramble and underwood, till at last, with that consciousness so mysterious, he felt there was some one standing close behind him. Half vexed to think that his isolation should be invaded, he drew his hat deeper over his eyes, and sat steadfastly gazing on the sea below him.

"Is that Levanto I see beneath that cliff?"

asked she in Italian,—less to satisfy her curiosity than to attract his attention.

Tony started. How intensely had his brain been charged with thoughts of long ago that every word that met his ears should seem impregnated with these memories! A half-sulky "Si" was, however, his only rejoinder.

"What a fine melon you have there, my friend!" said she; and now her voice thrilled through him so strangely that he sprang to his feet and turned to face her. "Is my brain tricking me?—are my senses wandering?" muttered he to himself. "Alice, Alice!"

"Yes, Tony!" cried she. "Who ever heard of so strange a meeting? How came you here? Speak, or I shall be as incredulous as yourself!" But Tony could not utter a word, but stood overwhelmed with wonder, silently gazing on her.

"Speak to me, Tony," said she, in her soft, winning voice,—"speak to me; tell me by what curious fortune you came here. Let us sit down on this bank; our carriage is toiling up the hill, and will not be here for some time."

"So it is not a dream!" sighed he, as he sat down beside her. "I have so little faith in my brain that I could not trust it."

It was easy to see that his bewilderment still remained; and so, with a woman's tact, she addressed herself to talking of what would gradually lead his thoughts into a collected shape. She told how they were all on their way to the south,—Naples or Palermo, not certain which,—somewhere for climate, as Isabella was still delicate; that her father and mother and sister were some miles behind on the road, she having come on more rapidly with a lighter carriage. "Not all alone, though, Master Tony; don't put on that rebukeful face. The lady you see yonder on the road is what is called my companion,—the English word for *duenna*; and I half think I am scandalizing her very much by this conduct of mine, sitting down on the grass with a brigand chief, and, I was going to say, sharing his breakfast, though I have to confess it never occurred to him to offer it. Come, Tony, get up, and let me present you to her, and relieve her mind of the terrible thoughts that must be distressing her."

"One moment, Alice,—one moment,"

said he, taking her hand. "What is this story my mother tells me?" He stopped, unable to go on; but she quickly broke in, "Scandal travels quickly, indeed; but I scarcely thought your mother was one to aid its journey."

"She never believed it," said he, doggedly.

"Why repeat it, then? why give bad money a currency? I think we had better join my friend. I see she is impatient."

The coldness with which she spoke chilled him like a wintry blast; but he rallied soon, and with a vigorous energy said, "My mother no more believed ill of you than I did; and when I asked you what the slander meant, it was to know where I could find the man to pay for it."

"You must deny yourself the pleasure this time, Tony," said she, laughing. "It was a woman's story,—a disappointed woman, and so, not so very blamable as she might be; not but that it was true in fact."

"True, Alice,—true?"

"Yes sir. The inference from it was the only falsehood; but really we have had too much of this. Tell me of yourself,—why are you here? where are you now going?"

"You've heard of my exploits as a messenger, I suppose," said Tony, with a bitter laugh.

"I heard, as we all heard with great sorrow, that you left the service," said she, with a hesitation on each word.

"Left it? Yes; I left to avoid being kicked out of it. I lost my despatches, and behaved like a fool. Then I tried to turn sailor, but no skipper would take me; and I *did* turn clerk, and half ruined the honest fellow that trusted me. And now I am going—in good truth, Alice, I don't exactly know where, but it is somewhere in search of a pursuit to fit a fellow who begins to feel he is fit for nothing."

"It is not thus your friends think of you, Tony," said she, kindly.

"That's the worst of it," rejoined he, bitterly: "I have all my life been trying to justify an opinion that never should have been formed of me,—ay, and that I well knew I had no right to."

"Well, Tony, come back with us. I don't say with *me*, because I must be triple discreet for some time to come; but come back with

papa; he'll be overjoyed to have you with us."

"No, no," muttered Tony, in a faint whisper; "I could not, I could not!"

"Is that old grudge of long ago so deep that time has not filled it up?"

"I could not, I could not!" muttered he, evidently not hearing the words she had just spoken.

"And why not, Tony? Just tell me why not!"

"Shall I tell you, Alice?" said he; and his lip shook and his cheek grew pale as he spoke,—*"shall I tell you?"*

She nodded; for she, too, was moved, and did not trust herself to speak.

"Shall I tell you?" said he, and he looked into her eyes with a meaning so full of love, and yet of sorrow, that her cheek became crimson, and she turned away in shame.

"No, Tony," whispered she, faintly, "better not say—what might pain us both, perhaps."

"Enough if you know," said he, faintly.

"There, see my friend has lost all patience; come up to the road, Tony. She must see that my interview has been with an English gentleman and not a brigand chief. Give me your arm and do not look so sulky."

"You women can look any way you will," mumbled he, "no matter what you may feel,—that is, if you do feel."

"You are the same old savage, Tony, as ever," said she, laughing. "I never got my melon, after all, Miss Lister; the sight of an old friend was, however, better. Let me present him to you—Mr. Butler."

"Mr. Tony Butler?" asked she, with a peculiar smile; and though she spoke it low, he heard her, and said, "Yes; I am Tony Butler."

"Sir Arthur will be charmed to know you are here. It was but yesterday he said he'd not mind taking a run through Calabria if we only had you with us."

"I have said all that and more to him, but he doesn't mind it," said Alice.

"Is this fair, Alice?" whispered he.

"In fact," resumed she, "he has nowhere particular to go to, provided it be not the same road that we are taking."

"Is this kind, Alice?" whispered he again.

"And though I have told him what pleasure it would give us all if he would turn back with us"—

"You'll drive me to say it," muttered he between his teeth.

"If you dare, sir," said she, in a low but clear whisper; and now she stepped into the carriage, and affected to busy herself with her mufflers. Tony assisted Miss Lister to her place, and then walked round to the side where Alice sat.

"You are not angry with me, Alice?" said he, falteringly.

"I certainly am not pleased," said she, coldly. "There was a time I had not to press a wish: I had but to utter it."

"And yet, Alice," said he, leaning over, and whispering so close that she felt his breath on her face,—"and yet I never loved you then as I love you now."

"You have determined that I should not repeat my invitation," said she, leaning back in the carriage: "I must—I have no help for it—I must say Good-by!"

"Good-by," said he, pressing her hand, from which he had just drawn off the glove, to his lips. She never made any effort to withdraw it, but leaned forward, as though to conceal the action from her companion.

"Good-by, dearest Alice," said he once more.

"Give me my glove, Tony. I think it has fallen," said she, carefully, as she leaned back once more.

"There it is," muttered he; "but I have another here that I will never part with;" and he drew forth the glove she had thrown on the strand for him to pick up—so long ago!

"You will see papa, Tony?" said she, drawing down her veil; "you can't fail to meet him before night. Say you saw us. Good-by."

And Tony stood alone on the mountain, and watched the cloud of dust that rose behind the carriage, and listened to the heavy tramp of the horses till the sounds died off in the distance.

"Oh if I could trust the whisper at my heart!" cried he. "If I could—if I could—I'd be happier than I ever dared to hope for."

#### CHAPTER L.

##### THE SOLDIER OF MISFORTUNE.

The little flicker of hope—faint enough it was—that cheered up Tony's heart served

also to indispose him with Lady Lyle; for he remembered, fresh as though it had been the day before, the sharp lesson that lady had read him on the "absurd pretensions of certain young gentlemen with respect to those immeasurably above them in station." "I am not in a humor to listen to the second part of the homily, which certainly would not be the less pointed, seeing that I am a wayfarer on foot, and with my knapsack strapped behind me." It gave him no sense of shame that Alice should have seen him thus poor and humble. He never blushed for his pack or his hobnailed shoes. If she could not think of him apart from the accidents of his condition, it mattered very little what he wore, or how he journeyed. And as he cheered himself with these thoughts, he gained a high peak, from which he could see the pine-clad promontory of Sestri, some thousand feet down below him. He knew the spot from description, and remembered that it was to be one of his resting-places for a night. It was no new thing for Tony to strike out his own line across country—his was a practised eye—to mark the course by which a certain point was to be reached, and to know, by a something like instinct, where a ravine—where a river must lie—where the mountain-side would descend too precipitously for human footsteps—where the shelving decline would admit of a path—all these were his; and in their exercise he had that sort of pride a man feels in what he deems a gift.

This same pride and his hope together lightened the way, and he went forward almost happy; so that once or twice he half asked himself if Fortune was not about to turn on him with a kindlier look than she had yet bestowed? When about a mile from the high-road, a dull, rumbling sound, like far-away thunder, caught his ear: he looked up, and saw the great massive carriage of the wealthy Sir Arthur rolling ponderously along, with its six horses, and followed by a dense "wake" of dust for half a mile behind. "I am glad that we have not met," muttered he: "I could have wished to see Bella, and speak to her. She was ever my fast friend; but that haughty old woman, in the midst of all the pride of her wealth, would have jarred on me so far that I might have forgotten myself. Why should my poverty provoke her to slight me? My poverty is mine, just as much as any malady that



might befall me, and whose sufferings I must bear as I may, and cannot ask another to endure for me. It may try me to stand up against, but surely it is no burden to her; and why make it seem as a gulf between us?" Ah, Master Tony! subtler heads than yours have failed to untie this knot. It was dusk when he reached Sestri, and found himself in the little vine-clad porch of the "Angelo d'Oro," a modest little inn for foot-travellers on the verge of the sea. He ordered his supper to be served in the open air, under the fresh foliage, and with the pleasant night-wind gently stirring the leaves.

As the landlord arranged the table, he informed Tony that another traveller had come a short time before, but so ignorant of the language was he, that he was only served by means of signs; and he seemed so poor, too, that they had scruples about giving him a bed, and were disposed to let him pass the night under the porch.

Tony learned that the traveller had only tasted a glass of wine and a piece of bread, and then, as if overcome by fatigue and exhaustion, dropped off asleep. "I will see him," said he, rising, without partaking of the soup that was just placed before him; "the poor fellow may perhaps be ill." The landlord led the way to the end of the house, where, on a heap of chestnut leaves, the usual bedding of the cattle in these regions, a large, strongly-built man, poorly clad and travel-stained, lay sound asleep. Tony took the lantern and held it to his face. How was it he knew the features? He knew them, and yet not the man. He was sure that the great massive brow and that large strong cheek were not seen by him for the first time; and though he was sorry to disturb the poor fellow's slumber, he could not control his impatience to resolve the doubt; and, stooping down, he shook him gently by the shoulder.

"What is it?" cried the man, starting up to a sitting posture; "what is it now?"

"You are a countryman of mine," said Tony, "and I'm trying to think if we have not met before."

The man rose to his feet, and, taking the lantern from Tony's hand, held it up to his face. "Don't you know me, sir?" cried he; "don't you remember me?"

"I do, and I do not," muttered Tony, still puzzled.

TONY BUTLER

"Don't you mind the day, sir, that you was near been run over in London, and a man pulled you out just as the horses was on top o' you?"

"And are you the man? Are you the poor fellow whose bundle I carried off?"—but he stopped, and, grasping the man's hand, shook it cordially and affectionately. "By what chance do I find you here?"

The man looked about, as if to see that he was not overheard; and Tony, marking the caution of the gesture, said, "None can understand us here. Don't be afraid to say what you like, but first of all come and share my supper with me."

It was not without a modest reluctance that the poor fellow took his seat at the table; and indeed for some time, so overcome was he by the honor accorded him, that he scarcely ate at all. If Tony Butler was no finished conversationalist, able to lead the talk of a dinner-table, yet in the tact that pertains to making intercourse with an inferior easy and familiar he had not many his equal; and before the meal was finished, he slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said, "Rory Quin, here's your health, and a long life to you!"

"How did you know my name, sir?" asked the poor fellow, whose face glowed with delight at the flattery of such a recognition.

"At first I did not trust my memory, Rory, for I wrote it down in a note-book I have; and after a while I learned to think of you so often, and to wish I might meet you, that I had no need of the writing. You don't seem to remember that I am in your debt, my good fellow. I carried off your bundle, and, what was worse, it fell overboard and was lost."

"It couldn't have any but bad luck," said Rory, thoughtfully; "and maybe it was just the best thing could happen it."

There was a touch of sorrow in what he said that Tony easily saw; a hidden grief had been moved, and after a little inducement he led him on to tell his story; and which, though, narrated in Rory's own words, it occupied hours, may, happily for my readers, be condensed into a very few sentences.

Rory had been induced, partly by the glorious cause itself, partly through the glittering promises of personal advancement, to en-

list for foreign service. A certain Major M'Caskey—a man that, as Rory said, would wile the birds off the trees—came down to the little village he lived in at the foot of the Galtee Mountains; and there was not one, young or old, was not ready to follow him. To hear him talk, as Rory described, was better than a play. There wasn't a part of the world he hadn't seen, there wasn't a great man in it he didn't know; and "what beat all," as Rory said, "was the way he had the women on his side." Not that he was a fine-looking man, or tall, or handsome, —far from it; he was a little "crith of a crayture," not above five feet four or five, and with red whiskers and a beard, and a pair of eyes that seemed on fire; and he had a way of looking about him as he went, as much as to say, "Where's the man that wants to quarrel with me? for I'm ready and willin'."

"I wont say," added Rory, with a touch of humility, "that one like your honor would have thought so much of him as we did. I wont say that all the fine people he knew, and all the wonderful things he did, would have made your honor admire him as I, and others like me, did. Maybe, indeed, you'd have found out it was lies from beginning to end."

"I'm not so sure of that," muttered Tony; "there are plausible fellows of that sort that take in men of the world every day!" And Tony sat back in his chair, and puffed his cigar in silence, doubtless recalling one such adept in his own experience.

"Faix, I'm proud to hear your honor say that!" cried Rory. "I'm as glad as a pound-note to know that even a gentleman might have been 'taken in' by the major."

"I'll not go that far, perhaps," remarked Tony, "as regards your major; but I repeat that there are certain fellows of his kind who actually *have* imposed on gentlemen,—yes, on gentlemen who were no fools either. But how was it he tricked you?"

Now were the flood-gates of Rory's eloquence thrown open, and for above an hour did he revel, as only an Irishman or an Italian can, in a narrative of cruel wrongs and unmerited hardships; sufferings on land and sufferings at sea; short rations, bad language, and no pay. Rory was to have been an officer,—a captain at least; and when they landed at Ancona, he was marched away

hundreds of miles, with a heavy musket and a heavier pack, as a common soldier, and given nothing but beans and oil for his food, and told he'd be shot if he grumbled. But what he felt most of all was, that he never knew whose service he was in, and what he was going to fighting for. Now it was the Holy Father,—Rory was ready to die for him and the blessed Virgin; now it was the King of Naples and Saint Somebody, whose name he couldn't remember, and that Rory felt no enthusiasm for. At one moment he was told the pope was going to bless the whole battalion, and sprinkle them with his own hand; and then it was the queen—and purty she was, no doubt—was to lead them on, God knows where! "And that's the way we were living in the mountains for six weeks, and every time they paraded us,—about once a week,—there would be thirty or forty less of us; some gone off to be sailors, some taking to the highway as robbers, and a few selling whatever they had and making for home. At last the major himself came down to inspect us,—he was colonel then, and covered with gold, and all over stars and crosses. We were drawn up in a square of a little town they call Loretto that has houses on three sides of it, and a low sea-wall with a drop of about twenty feet to the sea. I'll not forget the place to my dying day.

"There was four hundred and twenty-seven of us out of two thousand and sixty,—the rest ran away; and when the major heard the roll called, I thought he'd go out of his mind; and he walked up and down in front of us, gnashing his teeth and blaspheming as never I heard before. 'Ye scoundrels,' he said at last, 'you've disgraced me eternally, and I'll go back to the Holy Father and tell him it's curses and not blessings he'd have to give you.'

"This was too much to bear, and I cried out, 'You'd better not!'

"'Who says that?' cries he. 'Where's the cowardly rascal that hasn't the courage to step forward and repeat these words?' and with that I advanced two paces, and putting my gun to my shoulder, took a steady aim at him. I had him covered. If I pulled the trigger, he was a dead man; but I couldn't do it,—no, if I got the whole world for it, I couldn't; and do you know why?—here it is, then: It was the way he stood up, bould and straight, with one hand on his

breast, and the other on the hilt of his sword, and he cried out, 'Fire! you scoundrel, fire!' Bad luck to me if I could; but I walked on, covering him all the while, till I got within ten paces of the wall, and then I threw down my musket, and with a run I cleared it, and jumped into the sea. He fired both his pistols at me, and one ball grazed my head; but I dived and swam and dived till he lost sight of me; and it was half an hour before they got out a boat; and before that I was snug hiding between the rocks, and so close to him that I could hear him swearing away like mad. When it was dark, I crept out, and made my way along the shore to Pesaro, and all the way here. Indeed, I had only to say anywhere I was a deserter, and every one was kind to me. And do you know, sir, now that it's all over, I'm glad I didn't shoot him in cold blood?"

"Of course you are," said Tony, half sternly.

"But if I am," rejoined the other,—"if I am glad of it, it's a'most breaking my heart to think I'm going back to Ireland without a chance of facing him in a fair fight."

"You could do that, too, if you were so very anxious for it," said Tony, gravely.

"Do you tell me so? And how, sir?"

"Easy enough, Rory. I'm on my way now to join a set of brave fellows that are going to fight the very soldiers your major will be serving with. The cause that he fights for, I need not tell you, can't be a very good one."

"Indeed it oughtn't," said Rory, cautiously.

"Come along with me, then: if it's only fighting you ask for, there's a fellow to lead us on that never balked any one's fancy that way. In four days from this we can be in the thick of it. I don't want to persuade you in a hurry, Rory. Take a day—take two—three days, if you like, to think of it."

"I won't take three minutes. I'll follow your honor to the world's end! and if it gives me a chance to come up with the major, I'll bless the hour I met you."

Tony now told him—somewhat more ambiguously, I'm afraid, than consisted with perfect candor—of the cause they were going to fight for. He made the most of those magical words so powerful to the Celtic heart,—oppression, cruelty, injustice; he imparted a touch of repeal to the struggle be-

fore them; and when once pressed hard by Rory with the home question, "Which side is the Holy Father?" he roughly answered, "I don't think he has much to say to it one way or other."

"Faix, I'm ashamed of myself," said Rory, flushing up; "and I ought to know that what's good enough for your honor to fight for is too good for me."

They drained the last glasses of their flask in pledge of their compact, and, resolving to keep their resting-time for the sultry heat of the day, started by the clear starlight for Genoa.

#### CHAPTER LI.

##### A PIECE OF GOOD TIDINGS.

It was about a week after this event when Sam M'Gruder received a few lines from Tony Butler, saying that he was to sail that morning with a detachment for Garibaldi. They were bound for Marsala, and only hoped that they might not be caught by the Neapolitan cruisers, which were said to swarm along the coast. "I suppose," he writes, "there's plenty of 'fight' amongst us; but we are more picturesque than decent-looking; and an honest countryman of mine, who has attached himself to my fortunes, tells me in confidence that 'they're all heathens, every man of them.' They are certainly a wild dare-devil set, whom it will be difficult to reduce to any discipline, and, I should fear, impossible to restrain from outrage, if occasion offers. We are so crowded that we have only standing-room on deck, and those below are from time to time relieved in squads, to come up and breathe a little fresh air. The suffering from heat and thirst was bad yesterday, but will perhaps be less at sea, with a fresh breeze to cool us. At all events, no one complains. We are the jolliest blackguards in the world, and going to be killed in a better humor with life than half the fine gentlemen feel as they wake in the morning to a day of pleasure."

"I shall be glad when we put foot on land again; for I own I'd rather fight the Neapolitans than live on in such close companionship with my gallant comrades. If not 'bowled over,' I'll write to you within a week or two. Don't forget me.—Yours ever,

"TONY BUTLER."

M'Gruder was carefully plodding his way through this not very legible document, ex-

ploring it with a zeal that vouched for his regard for the writer, when he was informed that an English gentleman was in the office inquiring for Mr. Butler.

The stranger soon presented himself as a Mr. Culter, of the house of Box & Culter, solicitors, London, and related that he had been in search of Mr. Anthony Butler from one end of Europe to the other. "I was first of all, sir," said he, "in the wilds of Calabria, and thence I was sent off to the equally barbarous north of Ireland, where I learned that I must retrace my steps over the Alps to your house? and now I am told that Mr. Butler has left this a week ago."

"Your business must have been important to require such activity," said M'Gruder, half inquiringly.

"Very important indeed for Mr. Butler, if I could only meet with him. Can you give any hint, sir, how that is to be accomplished?"

"I scarcely think you'll follow him when I tell you where he has gone," said M'Gruder, dryly. "He has gone to join Garibaldi."

"To join Garibaldi!" exclaimed the other. "A man with a landed estate and thirty-six thousand in the Three per Cents gone off to Garibaldi!"

"It is clear we are not talking of the same person. My poor friend had none of that wealth you speak of."

"Probably not, sir, when last you saw him; but his uncle, Sir Omerod Butler, has died, leaving him all he had in the world."

"I never knew he had an uncle. I never heard him speak of a rich relation."

"There was some family quarrel,—some estrangement, I don't know what; but when Sir Omerod sent for me to add a codicil to his will, he expressed a great wish to see his nephew before he died, and sent me off to Ireland to fetch him to him; but a relapse of his malady occurred the day after I left him, and he died within a week."

The man of law entered into a minute description of the property to which Tony was to succeed. There was a small family estate in Ireland, and a large one in England; there was a considerable funded fortune, and some scattered moneys in foreign securities; the whole only charged with eight hundred a year on the life of a lady no longer young, whom scandal called not the widow of Sir Omerod Butler. M'Gruder paid little attention to

these details; his whole thought was how to apprise Tony of his good luck,—how call him back to a world where he had what would make life most enjoyable. "I take it, sir," asked he at last, "that you don't fancy a tour in Sicily?"

"Nothing is less in my thoughts, sir. We shall be most proud to act as Mr. Butler's agents, but I'm not prepared to expose my life for the agency."

"Then I think I must go myself. It's clear the poor fellow ought to know of his good fortune."

"I suspect that the Countess Brancaneone, the annuitant I mentioned, will not send to tell him," said the lawyer, smiling; "for if Mr. Butler should get knocked over in this ugly business, she inherits everything, even to the family plate with the Butler arms."

"She sha'n't, if I can help it," said M'Gruder, firmly. "I'll set out to-night."

Mr. Culter passed a warm eulogium on this heroic devotion, enlarged on the beauty of friendship in general, and concluded by saying he would step over to his hotel, where he had ordered dinner; after which, he would certainly drink Mr. M'Gruder's health.

"I shall want some details from you," said M'Gruder,—"something written and formal,—to assure my friend that my tidings are trustworthy. I know it will be no easy task to persuade him that he is a man of fortune."

"You shall have all you require, sir,—a copy of the will, a formal letter from our house, reciting details of the property, and, what will, perhaps, impart the speediest conviction of all, a letter of credit, in Mr. Butler's favor, for five hundred pounds for immediate use. These are the sort of proofs that no scepticism is strong enough to resist. The only thing that never jests, whose seriousness is above all levity, is money;" and so M'Gruder at once acknowledged that when he could go fortified with such testimonies, he defied all doubt.

His preparations for departure were soon made. A short letter to his brother explained the cause of his sudden leaving; a longer one to Dolly told how, in his love for her, he could not do enough for her friend; and that, though he liked Tony well for his own sake, he liked him far more as the "adopted brother and old playfellow of his dearest Dolly."

Poor fellow ! he wrote this from a full heart, and a very honest one too. Whether it imparted all the pleasure he hoped it might to her who read it, is none of our province to tell. It is only ours to record that he started that night for Genoa, obtained from a friend—a subordinate in the government employment—a letter to Garibaldi himself, and sailed with an agent of the general's in charge of a supply of small-arms and ammunition.

They were within thirty miles of Sicily when they were boarded by the Neapolitan corvette *The Veloce*, and carried off prisoners to Palermo,—the one solitary capture the royal navy made in the whole of that eventful struggle.

The proofs that they were Garibaldians were too strong and too many for denial and for a day and a half their fate was far from hopeful. Indeed, had the tidings of the first encounters between the king's forces and the buccaneer's been less disastrous than they were, the prisoners would have been shot; but already a half doubt had arisen as to the fidelity of the royal troops. This and that general, it was rumored, had resigned; and of those who remained, it was said, more than one had counselled "concessions." Ominous word at such a moment, but the presage of something darker and more ominous still.

M'Gruder bore up with a stout heart, and nothing grieved him in all his calamity more than the thought that all this time Tony might be exposing his life as worthless and hopeless, while, if he only knew it, he had already succeeded to what men are content to pass their whole existence to grasp and gain.

Nor was he inactive in his imprisonment. He wrote letters to Garibaldi, enclosing others to Tony; he wrote to all the consuls he could think of; to the minister of Naples, or to his representative: and he proclaimed his right as a "*civis Romanus*," and threatened a Palmerstonian vengeance on all and every that had a hand in curtailing his freedom.

In this very natural and British pursuit we must now leave him, and betake ourselves to other cares and other characters.

#### CHAPTER LII.

##### ON THE CHIAJA AT NIGHT.

THE night had just closed in after a hot, sultry day of autumn in Naples, as Maitland

and Caffarelli sat on the sea-wall of the Chiaja, smoking their cigars in silence, apparently deep in thought, or sometimes startled by the distant shouts and cries of the populace who crammed the Toledo or the Quarter of St. Lucia; for all Naples was now in the streets, and wild songs and yells resounded on every side.

In the bay the fleet lay at anchor, but the rapid flash of lanterns, as they rose and fell in the riggings, showed that the signal-man was at work, and that messages were being transmitted and replied to throughout the squadron. A like activity seemed to prevail in the forts above the city, and the roll of the drum and the bugle-call occasionally could be heard overtopping all other sounds.

"What would a newly-come traveller say to all this?" said Caffarelli at last. "Would he think it was a city about to be attacked by an enemy, or would he deem it a town in open revolt, or one given up to pillage after the assault? I have seen to-night what might confirm any of these impressions."

"And all three are present," said Maitland, moodily. "Your traveller could scarcely be more puzzled than we are."

The other sighed wearily, and Maitland went on. "What do you trust, or whom? Is it these noisy legions up there, who only muster to disband; or that gallant fleet that has come to anchor, only the more easily to surrender and change its flag?"

"There may be some traitors, but the great majority, I'll swear, will stand by the king."

"No; not one in fifty,—not one in a hundred. You don't seem to apprehend that loyalty is not a sudden instinct. It is a thing a man inherits. Take my word for it, Carlo, these men will not fight to keep a certain set of priests around a bigoted old queen, or support a king whose highest ambition is to be a Jesuit."

"And if you thought so meanly of the cause, why have you adopted it?"

"Because, ill as I think of the court, I hate the rabble more. Remember, Carlo,"—and now he spoke in a rapid and marked tone,—"*remember that, when I joined you, I deemed myself a rich man, and I had my ambitions, like the rest of you. Had I known what I now know,—had I foreseen that the day was so near wherein I was to find myself a beggar*"—



"No, no, Maitland; don't say this."

"And why not say it? It is true. You know as well as I do that amongst that yelling rabble there is none poorer than myself; and for this reason, I repeat, I might have chosen my associates more wisely. You yourself saw the treatment I met with this morning."

"Ay, but bear in mind, Maitland, what was the provocation you gave. It is no small thing to tell a king, surrounded by his ministers and generals, that he has not one loyal and true man in his train; that, what between treachery and cowardice, he will find himself alone, at the head of a few foreign regiments, who will only fight to cut their way through towards home."

"I scarcely went so far as this," said Maitland, smiling.

"Did you not, per Bacco? I was there and heard you. You accused Lagula to his face of being bought, and named the sum; and you told Cadorno that you had a copy of his letter promising to surrender the flagship to Garibaldi."

"And they listened to me with an admirable patience."

"I don't know that; I am certain Cadorno will send you a message before the week is over."

"And why not before the day was over? Are these accusations a man sleeps upon?"

"The king commanded them both to reply to your charges formally and distinctly, but not with the sword; and he was right so far."

"At all events, was it kingly to tell me of the favors that had been bestowed upon me, and to remind me that I was an alien, and unknown?"

"The king was angry."

"He was angrier when I handed back his patent, and told him that I did not care to be the last-made noble of a dynasty."

"It was outrageous. I was shocked to hear you; and for one so young, I was struck with the dignity with which he heard you."

"I don't think he understood me; he was impassive, because he did not know he was wounded. But why do I talk of these things? they have no longer the faintest interest for me. Except yourself, there is not a man in the cause I care for."

"This is a mere passing depression, my dear Maitland. All things seem sad-colored to you now. Wait till to-morrow, or wait

till there be a moment of danger and you will be yourself again."

"As for that," said Maitland, bitterly, "I am terribly myself just now. The last eight or ten years of my life were the dream; now is the awakening. But cheer up, my old friend; I will stand by *you*, though I care very little for the cause you fight for. I will still serve on the staff, and play out my part to the fall of the curtain."

"What a strange scene that council was this morning!" said Caffarelli, half wishing to draw him from the personal theme.

"What a strange thing to call a council, where not merely men walked in and out unbidden, but where a chance traveller could sit down amongst the king's advisers, and give his opinion like a servant of the crown! Do you even know his name?"

"I'm not sure that I do; but it sounded like Tchernicheff. He distinguished himself against the Turks on the Danube."

"And because he routed some ill-disciplined hordes with others a mere shade more civilized, he comes here to impose his opinion on our councils, and tell us how we are to defend ourselves!"

"I did not hear him utter a word."

"No, but he handed in a paper drawn up by himself, in which he recommends the king to withdraw all the forces in front of Capua, and meet these marauders, where they will least like to fight, in the open. The advice was good,—even though it came from a barbarian. In street-fighting your buccaneer is as good as, if not better than, a regular. All the circumstances of the ground favored him. Take him, however, where he must move and manœuvre,—where he will have to form and re-form,—to dress his line under fire, and occasionally change his flank,—then all the odds will be against him. So far the Scythian spoke well. His only miscalculation was to suppose that we will fight anywhere."

"I declare, Maitland, I shall lose temper with you. You can't surely know what insulting things you say."

"I wish they could provoke any other than yourself, mio caro. But come away from this. Let us walk back again. I want to have one more look at those windows before I go."

"And are you really in love?" asked the other, with more of astonishment in his voice than curiosity.

"I wish I knew how to make *her* believe it,—that's all," said he, sadly; and drawing his arm within his friend's, moved on with bent-down head, and in silence.

"I think your friends are about the only travellers in Naples at this moment, and indeed none but English would come here at such a season. The dog-days and a revolution together ought to be too much even for tourist curiosity."

Caffarelli went on to describe the arrival of the three heavily-laden carriages with their ponderous baggage and their crowd of servants, and the astonishment of the landlord at such an apparition; but Maitland paid him no attention,—perhaps did even not hear him.

Twice or thrice Caffarelli said something to arouse notice or attract curiosity, even to pique irritability, as when he said, "I suppose I must have seen your beauty, for I saw two,—and both good-looking,—but neither such as would drive a man distracted out of pure admiration. Are you minding me? Are you listening to me?"

"No. I have not heard one word you were saying."

"Civil, certainly; but, seriously, Maitland, is there not something more pressing to do at this moment than to loiter along the Chiaja to catch a glimpse of the closed curtains within which some blonde angel may be taking her tea?"

"Go home and I will join you later on. I have given orders about the horses. My man will have all in readiness by daybreak. You seem to me most terribly eager to have your head smashed. The king ought to reward your valor. It will be the only 'Cross' he will have to bestow."

Caffarelli turned impatiently from him and walked away.

Maitland looked after him for a moment, and then continued his way. He sauntered on, rather like one seeking to kill time than to reach a goal, and once or twice he stopped, and seemed to reflect whether he would go on. At last he reached a spot where a broad path of light streamed across the street, and extended till it was lost in the thick foliage of the garden on the sea-side, and, looking suddenly up, he saw he was in front of the great hotel of Naples, "L'Universo." The drawing-room windows were open on a long balcony, and Maitland could see in the well-

lighted room certain figures which he persuaded himself he could recognize even through the muslin curtains, which slightly moved and waved in the faint night-air. As he still strained his eyes to mark the scene, two figures approached the window, and passed out upon the balcony. There could be no mistake: they were Alice and her sister; and so perfect the stillness of the air, and so thin withal, that he could hear the sound of their voices, though not trace their words.

"Is it not delicious here, Alice?" said Bella. "These are the glorious nights of Italy Maitland used to tell us of,—so calm, so balmy, and so starry."

"What was that Skeffy was saying to you about Maitland as you came up-stairs?" asked Alice, sharply.

"Oh, it was a rumor he mentioned that Maitland had quarrelled with the court party. He had advised something, or rejected something; in fact, I paid little attention, for I know nothing of these Italian plots and schemes, and I like Maitland much better when he does not speak of them."

"Is he here now, do you know?"

"Yes; Skeff said he saw him this morning."

"I hope and pray he may not hear that we have arrived. I trust that we may not see him."

"And why so, Alice, dearest?"

"Can you ask me!"

"I mean, why not receive him on the terms of an easy intimacy? A person of his tact is always quick enough to appreciate the exact amount of favor he is held in."

"It is of myself I am thinking,—not of him," said she, with something of resentment in her tone.

"If you speak this way, Alice, I shall believe that you care for him."

"The greater mistake yours, my dear Bella."

"Well,—that you did once care for him, and regret the fact, or regret the change,—which is it?"

"Neither, on my honor! He interested me—I own to that; but now that I know his mystery, and what a vulgar mystery it is, I am half ashamed that I even felt an interest in him."

"Gossip would say you did more, Alice,—that you gave him encouragement."

"What an odious word you have impressed into your service! but I deny it; nor was he one to want it. Your adventurer never does."

"Adventurer!"

"I mean it in its least offensive sense; but I really see no reason why this man's name is to persecute me. I left Ireland half to avoid it. I certainly need not encounter it here."

"And if you meet him?"

"I shall not meet him. I don't intend to go out so long as we are here, and I trust I can refuse to receive him when at home."

"I had almost said, Poor fellow!"

"Say it by all means; compassionate,—console him, too, if Skeff has no objection."

"Oh, Alice!"

"Your own fault, Bella, if I say provoking things. No, mamma," added she, to some remark from within; "our secrets, as you call them, cannot be overheard; for, first of all, we are talking English; and secondly, there is no person whatever in the street."

Lady Lyle now made her appearance on the balcony, and soon afterwards they all re-entered the room. Maitland sat hours long on the stone bench, watching with intense eagerness as a shadow would pass or re-pass behind the curtains, and there he remained till all the lights were out in the hotel and the whole house sunk in silence.

**SPORT AND SPORT.**—There is a sweet bird, much of which was eaten on the 29th of last month, a bird which is usually accompanied at table by apple-sauce, in addition to sage and onions. A maxim of ancient wisdom and proverbial philosophy declares that the condiment which is proper for the female bird of this description is also proper for the male. The moral rule which corresponds to this canon of cookery is not always so religiously observed as it might be by those administrators of the law who are for the most part deservedly called Justices, but who, in some instances, can be so termed only with ironical justice.

At the Marylebone Police Court, the other day, a boy named Henry Radford was cited by one Rutherford, an Officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, before Mr. Mansfield, charged with cruelty to a cat.

The boy, at play with a lot of other boys, had tossed the cat some fifteen feet into the air, whence it fell and broke its back.

Rutherford said "that it was not usual for the society to take up cases against children under fourteen years of age, but they considered this to be a case so peculiar that they felt bound to prosecute." The peculiarity of the case, according to the evidence adduced to prove it, appears to be comprised in the foregoing statement. Sentencing the puerile prisoner,—

"Mr. Mansfield remarked that it was a pity boys could be found who were so cruel. He would commit the prisoner to the House of Correction for one month, with hard labor."

It may be presumed that the cat was not thrown into the air by Master Henry Radford simply to test the truth of the popular saying that a cat

will always fall on her legs. The magistrate was surely satisfied that the child meant to hurt the cat.

Of course, it is necessary that boys under fourteen should be taught that it is wrong to break a cat's back. But any respectable, if ragged, school, is fitter to instruct them in humanity than that of the House of Correction and hard labor.

No doubt there is a difference between shooting stags, or hares and rabbits, so as to break their bones, and wantonly killing cats. But there is also a similarity. The difference is that, whereas venison, hare, and rabbit are good for food, cat is not, whatever foreigners may say to the contrary. The similarity is that the stags, hares, and rabbits on the one hand, and the cats on the other, are killed for sport. The gentry of England have certainly an excuse for shooting game, which street-boys have not for killing cats. When a nobleman kills several hundred hares in a battue, to be sure he shatters the spine of many a poor puss which is just as sensitive as one of the feline species. But then poor puss, the rodent, is edible, whereas the carnivorous poor puss is carrion. We know that my lord bears that steadily in mind while he is out shooting, and considers, with just complacency, that he is not practising wanton cruelty on animals. Still, he kills them for amusement,—so to speak, for fun. Therein lies the resemblance between the noble sportsman and the street boy. If the resemblance is close, is the difference so wide as to make a grandee worthy of having his amateur butcher-work recorded in the journals to his glory and renown, but an urchin, for amusing himself in the same but a very much smaller way, deserve the treadmill?—*Punch*.

From The Saturday Review.

SACRED LATIN POETRY.\*

SELDOM does a second edition come before the public with better claims to a hearty welcome than this of Dr. Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry." When, fifteen years ago, the first edition was put forth from the vicarage of Ithenstoke, there was a somewhat hazy notion in the minds of English clergymen generally as to the stores and storehouses of hymnology which had existed from of old. Some few, indeed, had cultivated the study more or less, and had sought material for hymns in the vulgar tongue from the editions of Prudentius, St. Ambrose, or St. Bernard, which were to be found in old libraries. But the reign of Evangelicism had discountenanced debts incurred in this quarter. The knowledge of the rich repertoires, the access to the splendid mines, in which an abundance of treasure in this kind lay hid, was opened, it may truly be said, to the mass of the educated clergy by the first edition of the volume of which we now welcome the republication. It did not, indeed, profess to be taught beyond a selection. It aimed rather at pointing the way to others than at mapping out or exhibiting in detail the contents of the mine. The editor's object was to furnish specimens by which to judge of the whole,—to produce nuggets as samples of the fine gold to be dug up by such as should choose to devote their energy to the task. But so well was the aim fulfilled, so clearly was the history of Latin hymnology traced back in the introductory chapters, so attractive were the samples produced of old and magnificent hymn-work, that the result was a revival of interest in the whole subject. The able and copious Thesaurus of Daniel found its way into country parsonages, and into the hands of scholars. Magazines began to publish translations of hymns, instead of choruses from Greek plays; the rare leisure of those clergymen whose poetic vein was not yet frozen and dried up was directed to a new and a congenial pursuit; and in due time the full fruitage appeared in the "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," which mark a distinct epoch in English hymnology, and bid fair to supersede all other collections for use in the

\* "Sacred Latin Poetry." Selected and arranged for use, with Notes and Introduction. By R. C. Trench, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. Second Edition. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

services of the church. It is not too much to say that Dr. Trench's volume was the pilot-engine which brought in the remarkable collection to which we refer. Of this any one may assure himself who will set the two books side by side, and note in the English volume its many scholarly counterparts of the Latin originals. The Archbishop of Dublin may dwell with just satisfaction on the work which his first edition pioneered, whilst, in the demand for a second edition, he has the best earnest of the success of the aim he had at heart. Since 1849, the date of the first edition, much increased light has been thrown upon Latin hymnology, and of this it has been the editor's labor of love to avail himself in the interval. The German edition of Mone, the two supplementary volumes of Daniel, M. Gautier's discovery of many hitherto unpublished hymns of Adam of St. Victor, and the labors of Mr. Neale, both as an editor and as a translator, have supplied fresh material, evoked doubtless by a demand which is a gauge of the increased popularity of the whole subject. It should be added that another result, due in part to Dr. Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry," has been the gradual cessation of that fear which haunted so many until late years, of imbibing Romanism with the hymnology which is the heritage of the whole western church. By a careful sifting and wise choice the editor proved that English Churchmen need not be debarred from the "immortal heritage" of the universal church, through the bugbear of their having found their way into the Roman breviary. Intelligence and charity have advanced *pari passu*, nor will any, save the most unlettered persons, shudder any longer at the thought that something may be learned, some riches be borrowed, from the varied storehouse of mediæval theology. To furnish the wheat without the tares, the wine untainted by its lees, Dr. Trench has been the better able through the license he has allowed himself of *thinning* each poem which he sets before his readers,—a license which he deems justifiable where the object is rather to provide a personal and devotional help than to give a chronological account of Latin ecclesiastical poets and poetry. The gain derived from this is such as to compensate the loss of an historical arrangement which we can imagine might have been more welcome to the scholar, and more

interesting in an archaeological point of view.

To those not yet acquainted with it, we commend Dr. Trench's Introduction as a lucid and succinct account of the differences in form and spirit between the Latin classical and sacred poetry, as well as of the origin and growth of these. He urges that accentuated and not quantitative poetry was indigenous in the Latin tongue; that it was the introduction of Greek models which for a time naturalized the hexameter, the sapphic, and the alcaic; and that long prior to these existed the Saturnian and old Italian verses, of a loosely defined number of syllables, not metrically disposed, but with places accentually marked on which the stress should be laid. At the decadence of Roman classical literature, the old and popular rhythm came up again with its ante-classical words and speech, such as are found in Attius and Nævius, and reappear in Prudentius and Tertullian. It was natural that Christian hymnists should seize the opportunity of abandoning metres identified with a heathen worship and an impure mythology, and of adopting for their holier themes a rhythmical system which had a previous existence on the lips and in the memories of the people. Such a system readily became part of a religion which aimed at embracing the poor and unlettered; it suited an age which grew less tolerant of arbitrary rules of quantity in proportion as classical literature waned; and, moreover, as hymns were to be sung by the whole congregation, it is clear that the accentual value of words would be more easy to apprehend and bear in mind than the uncertain laws of an obsolete prosody. In regard to the other point of difference,—rhyme,—Dr. Trench is very happy in showing that it was of earliest date at Rome, and that, though the introduction of Greek literature to a great extent thrust it aside for a time, it kept occasionally cropping out all the while in the pages of Roman classical writers. Its revival in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era was but the budding afresh of a germ laid in versification already existing; and it is a reasonable supposition that, like accentual arrangement, rhyme also was intended as a make-weight for slackness of metrical observance. The statement of Dr. Guest that "the Romans were confessedly ignorant of rhyme"

is ably combated by Dr. Trench; and indeed, we are the more interested in siding with the views of the latter, because another dictum of the former—namely, "that no people ever adopted an accentual rhythm without adopting rhyme also"—seems to us a two-edged sword which the claims of both accent and rhyme to be indigenous in the Latin poetry must necessarily encounter.

But, whatever the antiquity of accented and rhymed Latin poetry, the volume before us should make us thankful that it has come down to us in such fulness and richness as the specimens which it contains indicate. Classical poetry, beautifully cold and statuesque, has nothing to draw forth fervor of devotion, or to kindle the fires of love and gratitude,—nothing to bring near the realities of death and judgment and the world beyond, for the admonishing of the godless and the encouragement of the faithful. The church hymns achieve all this in the marvellously vivid dimeters of Thomas of Celano, and the noble fifteen-syllable triplets of Peter Damiani. These are, indeed, later Christian poets; but Prudentius in his Hymn on Cock-crow, which we miss in Dr. Trench's collection as well as in the "*Salvete, flores Martyrum*," which he gives us, and St. Ambrose, with his grand simplicity, suffice to show how great an advance toward life and reality had been made even while accent was still the sole or chief substitute for the classical system of quantity. Of the earliest Christian poets the present collection does not give many specimens. A chronological arrangement, which was beside the purpose of the work, might probably have introduced more of their remains. Though not so finished as the compositions of a later period, with which the volume of Dr. Trench abounds, they have a special interest as productions of an age comparatively near to the apostolic times, and a value, in proportion, attaching to their interpretations of Scripture. But we have no right to quarrel with a selection which has provided such materials for an intellectual feast as those which lie before us. Adam of St. Victor, St. Bernard, Jacob de Benedictis, Hildebert, Damiani, are but a few names, representing most famous contributors to Latin hymnology in the later centuries, which are presented in these pages. It has, however, struck us that an undue preference is shown to the hymns of



Adam of St. Victor, which for the most part abound in mysticism, and revel in such an excess of obscure and scholastic allusion as must exclude them from the wide popularity of many simpler hymns. Many of them defy translation, through the superabundance of conceits; many, if they could be translated, would be distasteful to modern minds, owing to a surfeiting accumulation of typical applications of Scripture. Dr. Trench admits that this is a fault in his favorite hymnist, but he probably thinks that compensating excellences entitle this writer to an exceptionally large space in his extracts from "Sacred Latin Poetry." Doubtless, too, this prominence may be owing in some degree to the discovery of so many unpublished poems of Adam of St. Victor, by M. Gautier; but, for our own part, we could have preferred to see a larger selection from the abundant materials furnished by Daniel and Mone. More of Prudentius, of Fortunatus, and of Ambrose would have been acceptable, though it is probable that the omission of these is due to the assumption that the works of these Christian poets are better known than we believe them to be. It may be that the editor's tone of mind and study inclines to the deeper and more spiritual cast which stamps Adam of St. Victor's remains, whereas the modern mind affects rather the simple and yet vigorous, the grand and outspoken, lyrics of other Christian poets. Of the newly-found hymns, one of the finest is that on the Nativity, beginning, "*Potestate non naturâ*" (p. 111); while, of the old, none is better than that on St. Stephen (p. 212). The obscurity and depth of allusion in many stanzas of this poet have, however, this result,—that they test Dr. Trench's powers as an interpretator and annotator; and here his merits are, we are bound to say, considerable. The darker the passage, the more valuable is the skill by which light is conveyed into it. For this part of his work the editor deserves high praise. For instance, upon the obscure passage which opens Adam of St. Victor's Hymn on John the Evangelist (p. 71),—

"Verbi vere substantivi,  
Caro cum sit in declivi  
Temporis angustia,  
In æternis verbum annis  
Permanere nos Joannis  
Docet theologia—

his interpretation is decidedly preferable to

that of Mr. Neale, who takes "*caro*" to mean the flesh which the Word took upon him; whereas Dr. Trench understands it of the world and "all that is in and of the world," and freely translates thus: "The theology of John teaches us that while the flesh declines, wastes, and decays, the word of the 'Word' (*verbum Verbi*), all which Christ utters, endures for everlasting years, shall never pass away." So, again, he throws the exact amount of needful light on the concluding line of Adam of St. Victor's Hymn on the Nativity (pp. 111-13), "*Denum complens numerum*," when he refers it to the ten pieces of silver (Luke xv. 8-10), the lost one of which was supposed to represent the race of man, while the nine were the nine ranks of angels that had stood in their first obedience. On v. 45 of the same poet's hymn on the Epiphany (p. 123), "*Ad peccatum prius prona*," Dr. Trench acutely builds a refutation of the French translator's theory that the blessed Virgin, and not the church, is the Bride referred to in the later stanzas. And not only when handling the poems of Adam of St. Victor, but in editing the whole of his selections, he has exhibited rare critical acumen and interpretative sagacity. His grounds for retaining, as the third line of the "*Dies Iræ*," the verse "*Teste David cum Sibyllâ*," sometimes objected to on the ground that a sibyl is a strange witness to Christian truth (see p. 297), illustrate this, as well as his deep reflection and learning. Here and there we note a little severity in judging of the accuracy of Daniel, and where—at p. 93, v. 29—he blames that useful editor for printing "*multos tenet*" instead of "*multus terret*" in a poem of Pistor, a question might arise whether he should not himself adopt *multos*, and whether he should not refer to St. Luke i. 65, and not i. 69. In some hymns, too, such as that of Prudentius, "*In exequiis defunctorum*," he might well have been less chary of note and comment. The meanings of such words as "*ænigmata vultûs*," v. 20, and "*pugilli*," v. 28, would have been fit subjects of a note for such readers as have not Ducange, or suchlike lexicons, to refer to. It is curious, moreover, that in quoting Obbarius as the most recent editor of Prudentius, the archbishop seems to have overlooked the very meritorious edition of Albert Dressel, Leipzig, 1860.

One or two improvements might, we venture to think, have enhanced the value of this already valuable book. It would have worn a more popular aspect, had it contained fuller references to the loving diligence of English translators and adapters who, at various periods, have availed themselves of the gems of Latin hymnology. A little is said of the numerous attempts to clothe the "*Dies Iræ*" in an English garb; and we are told briefly of Tusser's translation of Jacopone's "*Cur mundus militat*," and Sylvester's version of Damiani's "*Glory and Joys of Paradise*." But a great deal more might have been done in this way, in pointing out more or less successful imitations of other hymns, — an important help and encouragement toward fresh labors in the same field. Alford's version of the "*Dies Iræ*," W. Hammond's of the "*Veni Creator Spiritus*," Chandler's of the "*Angulare Fundamentum*," and a recent anonymous version of St. Bernard's "*Jesu, dulcis memoria*," have been admitted by Sir Roundell Palmer into his *Book of Praise*. And in the 318th page of that delightful manual will be found a noble version by Mr. Isaac Williams of part of the hymn of Prudentius "*On the Burial of the Dead*," which is as close and as truthful as it is elegiac and touching in its rhythm. The last verse of it may serve as a sample, and prove its title to notice:—

"Tu depositum tege corpus,  
Non immemor ille requirit  
Sua munera fictor et auctor,  
Proprieque ænigmata vultus."

—*Trench*, p. 282.

"Cover this body to thy care consign'd;  
It's Maker shall not leave it in the grave,  
But his own lineament shall bear in mind,  
And shall recall the image that he gave."

—*Book of Praise*, p. 319.

We cannot here stop to point out the debt owed by the editors of hymns ancient and modern to the Latin hymns of Dr. Trench's selection; but we may refer our readers for a happy version of the simple, sweet, and touching hymn of King Robert II. of France, "*Veni, sancte spiritus*" (p. 196), to p. 193, hymn 128, of the aforesaid hymnal, and for a very fine translation of "*Beata Urbs Hierusalem*" (Trench, p. 311), to the 243d and 244th hymns of the same collection. None of these versions are noticed by Dr. Trench.

Another suggestion which we would offer

is the addition of a short glossary, which would prove a great convenience and boon to ordinary Latin scholars, unlearned in the "*media et infima Latinitas*." The words "*debratis*" (p. 66), "*cautelam*" (67), "*diescat*" (92), "*factura*" h.e. *merces operis* (111), "*adunare*" (*ibid.*), "*dulcore*" (140), "*pausa*" (*ibid.*), "*ænigmata*" before referred to (p. 282), and many others, unknown to our Latin dictionaries, cause a delay and difficulty which can only be met effectually by the aid which we suggest. Of course the foot-notes explain many of these words, but some they pass over in silence. A short glossary would be a safeguard against the tricks of a fickle memory, and an easy means of enabling students of sacred Latin poetry to "*run and read*." We trust that a work so useful, suggestive, and scholarlike as this of Archbishop Trench may see more than one future edition, and it is in furtherance of so desirable a consummation that we offer these concluding hints as to popularizing his "*Sacred Latin Poetry*."

From The London Review.

### THREE OLD MEN.

THERE are three old men now living, each of whom is a prominent figure in his generation, and on whose three lives the deep interest and attention of Europe are fixed. It is difficult to say wherein consists the virtue of their old age. Yet with regard to all three it may be said that the world seems in suspense so long as their life is prolonged, and waiting to turn over a new leaf as soon as they die. As far as politics go, there can be no doubt that old age destroys vigor and originality. The great men of history have shown with terrible uniformity that age saps the energy even of heroes. In the present generation we watch its undermining effect upon those who led our fathers and our grandfathers. As they draw near to the end of their political pilgrimage, one after another, they appear exhausted with the heat or the burden of the day. One veteran agitator thinks the hour is come to rest and be thankful. Another is for looking before we leap. A third tells us of the blessings of the British constitution, and of the wickedness of the natives of foreign countries. These are the ripening influences of Father Time. The Tory of childhood becomes a Radical in his first manly bloom, only to pass into a Whig

when he is old and mellow. Nor can it be denied that the gray-haired Whig begins to appreciate most fully the beauties and perfections of the political world when he is on the eve of bidding them a long farewell. With all this, it may be said, that on the lives of three old men hang the fortunes of a great political party in England, of an entire nation on the other side of the Channel, and of a great portion of Christendom, if we turn our eyes in the direction of Rome and of the Vatican. After Lord Palmerston in England comes the deluge; the making up and the reconstitution on a new basis of parliamentary politics and parties: a change, perhaps, in the entire system of English foreign politics, and of England's foreign relations; and the commencement of a fierce warfare of extreme politicians, who at present are standing aside in respectful silence to let the veteran live at peace. The fate, again, of Belgium itself, if not the peace of Europe, seems suspended on the same thread as that from which depends the life of King Leopold. That the contest between the republican and the religious party, already bitter and furious, will break out into extraordinary violence; that the existence of Belgium cannot be insured for many years longer than its sovereign's life; that France may before very long have the Rhine, if not in the middle of its course, at least at its *embouchures*, are speculations which must of necessity occur to every observer of European politics. How much, lastly, depends on the death of Pio Nono, may be easily judged by considering how much depends on the choice of his successor. Altered relations between the Catholic Church and the Liberal movement of the times; a new attitude occupied by the new pope towards free thought, free nationalities, and a free Italy, are one possible side of the picture. On the other side may be seen a mediæval church playing over again toward the future the part played by Mrs. Partington and her mop toward the Atlantic. Which side of the picture is to be turned towards Europe by the Church of Rome will be known as soon as Pio Nono bids farewell to a world of vanities and vain struggles.

It is not difficult to see why, in the presence of these three old men, the political world seems to have arrived at what, in the famous language of Mr. Fox, may be called a politi-

cal pause. With the life of each of them in their respective circles of action, the *status quo* comes to a natural and an easy end. They are all three in possession of an awkward and perhaps transitory position, which their experience and character have made a kind of personal freehold for themselves. Strange to say, they all three are a species of advanced guard, defending their ground against the very party and the very patrons to whom they owe their advancement. They have intrenched themselves in their place with remarkable industry and ability, and each can afford to smile at the impatience of all who are waiting till, in a ripe old age, he may drop off the political pear-tree. In these progressive times we are occasionally tempted to wonder whether there is such a thing as diplomacy, independent of great armies and large fleets, and whether political experience is of any weight at all in the decision of international problems. In the trio in question, we have three standing answers to the inquiry. Lord Palmerston, apart from everything, is a host in himself; so is King Leopold of Belgium; so also is the pope. They have all a thorough knowledge of Europe; they all know their own powers of obstruction; and all feel, possibly, that they can help the world to go on as it now does till they die, even if it should change on the morrow of their funeral. When General Garibaldi came over to this country, he came—so, at least, his friends say—with a curious missionary project in his head. He wanted and hoped to convert Lord Palmerston to the cause of European nationalities. In his interview with the English premier, it is said that he eagerly pointed out what a glory it would be to England to come forward as liberator of Rome and Venice. The story goes on to say that he received the same answer from Lord Palmerston which Victor Emmanuel is always receiving from the pope. Lord Palmerston admitted the weight of all that the general had to say, but closed the conversation with a *non possumus*. To expect so enthusiastic a programme from the aged premier was not merely to ask England to enter on a new and active foreign policy for which she might be unfitted, but to ask a very old man to unfurl the oriflamme. Lord Palmerston is not suited to the task either by temperament or years. He understands thoroughly the system under which

he has grown up. It may be a provisional one; but it will last his time; and Lord Palmerston is probably content with the fame which posterity will award to him of being a considerable ephemeral success. Englishmen are rarely political idealists enough to embrace with enthusiasm a reconstitution of the world on the most admirable theoretic principle. They have not made the world; they hope it will grow better, and will even subscribe money to make it better, but they will not go to war to remake it. But no Englishman living could be more disinclined to enter on the herculean task than an octogenarian statesman who has, under half a dozen successive ministries, managed to stave off more difficulties and to adjourn more discussions than can now be recounted. It would not be easy to find any European problem for which Lord Palmerston has any other solution. The Turkish question? He writes under it the simple word "adjourned." The Danubian Principalities? They are adjourned also. So is Venice, so is Rome, so is reform, so are church questions, so is every political embarrassment that either has arisen or will arise during Lord Palmerston's lifetime. To this pleasing and seductive habit of adjourning all things, he owes much of his popularity in a country which sees the advantage of present ease and quiet more clearly than it sees the necessity of provision for the future of Europe.

Of the three Nestors of Europe, King Leopold in his turn is the least powerful, and yet he will, perhaps, not be the least respected by posterity. He represents, it is true, a *status quo*, and yet it is a *status quo* that he can do nothing to improve. So long as Belgium exists,—and it will be a shock to England when the hour comes for Belgium's dissolution,—she never can be represented by a better or a wiser king. He represents everything in Belgian institutions that is characteristic of Belgium: her nationality, her independence, her liberalism, her republicanism, her conservatism. He is the most democratic of classical rulers, the most classical of democratic. Since the day of his short-lived union to the Princess Charlotte, down to the present moment, he has done nothing to forfeit the respect of a single European Liberal, or a single European Conservative. How much stability Belgium owes to his character and his knowledge of character will be seen

when he is no more. Between Belgium and France there stands a barrier more impassable than any frontier. That barrier is King Leopold. Yet he is acceptable in the eyes of the French Court and of all political parties in Belgium. All are waiting and are willing to wait. He is himself too generous a mind to adjourn any question he can solve. He cannot, however, except provisionally, solve the Belgian question. It is out of profound respect to the mild wisdom of this royal Lælius, that the Belgian question, nevertheless, stands adjourned.

The third political Methuselah for whose decease Europe patiently waits is the pope. He seems destined to enjoy a longevity most provoking to Italian reformers. Perhaps if Pio Nono were to unburden his conscience it might be found that his obstructive attitude toward the movements of the day is determined altogether by his green old age. Posterity may, perhaps, in the language of M. Montalembert, "do justice" to Pio Nono; his contemporaries "cannot." Passions and interests, religious feelings and religious animosities, are too much engaged in the contest over which he sleepily presides. Yet we can imagine a feeble and aged pontiff, who, when he was sixteen years younger, fled terrified at the sound of his own armor, saying to himself that he is too old to settle the Catholic question. When he was more vigorous he made an inane effort to compromise it, and failed; it must now pass over to be dealt with by younger hands. On the brink of the grave men are apt to shiver, not merely at the change that is coming over themselves, but at the future that is about to break over the world which they are leaving. They themselves have nothing but old remedies for new and untried diseases; but even the new diseases frighten them less than the new remedies which they hear younger men propose. *Non possumus* is the answer they give, not so much from principle as from instinct. Pio Nono is no Ulysses, whose passion for adventure grows upon him with declining years. He has been a Liberal once, and came back after tossing on a stormy sea of Liberalism, tired and homesick, to his native haven of reactionary quiet. He is safely moored in his Ithaca, and he never will set sail again. Perhaps his political enemies are wise in leaving him breathing space to die. He is a determined man in his last years; and so long as

he survives, the temporal power of the pope will not expire, perhaps, without a storm,—at all events, without a scandal. It may be that he is better acquainted with the weaknesses of the enemies of Rome than we are, and that his audacity and perseverance are by no means so short-sighted as they appear. He may have a sting which Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel are afraid of; means of annoyance that they cannot take from him, and sufficient experience of the world to know how to use his thunder. It is more probable that in his case, as in the case of his two rival veterans, the political world is waiting because the Gordian knot, of which he is the acknowledged guardian, is a knot which must undo itself in time, and which it is difficult to cut. Such are the three old men, the death of any one of whom would agitate Europe. It is a curious thing to reflect that, great as is the present political position of all three, in all human likelihood, not one of the three is destined to exercise the faintest permanent influence on the future politics of the world.

From The Examiner.

*The Mastery of Languages; or, the Art of Speaking Foreign Tongues Idiomatically.*  
By Thomas Prendergast, formerly of her Majesty's Civil Service at Madras. Bentley.

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI, the wonderful speaker of two-and-seventy different languages, when asked how he came to acquire so unprecedented a range of knowledge, attributed the fact to his employment as "foreigners' confessor" at Bologna, in 1798 and the following years. "I constantly met there," he said, "Hungarians, Slavonians, Germans, and Bohemians, who had been wounded in battle, or invalided during the campaign; and it pained me to the heart that from the want of means of communicating with them, I was unable to confess those among them who were Catholics, or to bring back to the church those who were separated from her communion. In such cases, accordingly, I used to apply myself with all my energy to the study of the languages of the patients, until I knew enough to make myself understood." Whenever a stranger, whose speech was not known to him, came for confession, he made him first repeat, once or twice, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Commandments, and other portions of the Romish

ritual. In that way, by the aid of his wonderful memory, which retained everything once committed to it, he obtained a groundwork of words from which to build. He analyzed them and measured them by the corresponding words in other languages. A few conversations, in which he guessed at the meaning of new words as they arose, and then verified it by himself using them, gave him knowledge enough to be able to perform his religious duties. "At length, through the grace of God, assisted by my private studies and by a retentive memory, I came to understand, not merely the generic languages of the nations to which the several invalids belonged, but even the peculiar dialects of their various provinces." Once, at a later date, the crown prince, now King of Sweden, paid him a visit. They at first talked in the Swedish tongue, which Mezzofanti spoke fluently; but when the prince continued the conversation in one of the provincial dialects, the priest had to declare himself ignorant of it. On the following day they met again, and then Mezzofanti commenced speaking in the dialect in question. "From whom, in the name of all that is wonderful, have you learned it?" asked the astonished prince. "From your Royal Highness," was the answer. "Your sentences yesterday supplied me with a key to all that is peculiar in its forms; and I am only translating the common words into those forms."

That, in effect, is the "art of speaking foreign tongues idiomatically," which Mr. Prendergast, apparently in ignorance of the cardinal's example, sets forth with much lucid explanation and many skilful arguments in the book before us. This is his own summing up of the points detailed in it:—

"1. That the power of speaking foreign languages idiomatically may be attained with facility by adults without going abroad.

"2. That sentences may be so formulated, in all languages, that when they are thoroughly learned, the results evolved therefrom will in each new lesson double the number of idiomatic combinations previously acquired.

"3. That the acquisition of unconnected words is comparatively worthless, because they have not that property of expansion.

"4. That the preliminary study of grammar is unnecessary.

"5. That the power of speaking other tongues idiomatically is attained principally by efforts of the memory, not by logical reasonings.



"6. That the capacity of the memory for the retention of foreign words is universally overestimated; and that every beginner ought, in reason, to ascertain by experiments the precise extent of his own individual power.

"7. That inasmuch as a word, not perfectly retained by the memory, cannot be correctly reproduced, the beginner ought to restrict himself within the limit of his ascertained capacity.

"8. That he should therefore avoid seeing or hearing one word in excess of those which he is actually engaged in committing to memory.

"9. That the mere perusal of a grammar clogs the memory with imperfect recollections of words, and fractions of words; and therefore it is interdicted.

"10. That, nevertheless, the beginner who adopts this method will not fail to speak grammatically.

"11. That the most notable characteristic of the child's process, is that he speaks fluently and idiomatically with a very small number of words.

"12. That the epitome of language made by children, all the world over, is substantially the same.

"13. That when a child can employ two hundred words of a foreign tongue, he possesses a practical knowledge of all the syntactical constructions, and of all the foreign sounds.

"14. That every foreign language should therefore be epitomized for a beginner, by the framing of a set of strictly practical sentences, embodying two hundred of the most useful words, and comprising all the most difficult constructions.

"15. That by 'mastering' such an epitome, in the manner prescribed, a beginner will obtain the greatest possible results, with the smallest amount of exertion; whilst, at the same time, he will have abundant leisure to bestow upon the pronunciation that prominent attention to which it is entitled."

The gist of the whole is, that we ought to learn languages as children learn theirs, by memory primarily and chiefly, and only afterwards by use of reason. A baby learning to speak, understands (and would repeat, were his mouth in sufficient practice for it) whole sentences before words. It is after many sentences have been addressed to him, in which the same words appear with different contexts, that he gets to know the full significance of those words. But meanwhile it is easy for him to take in, and in due time to give out, the compact idiomatic sentences, and in that way he quickly and pleasantly

acquires enough skill in conversing to help him on to a more thorough knowledge. Mr. Prendergast would have grown people follow the same way. He objects both to grammars and to dictionaries. He would have the learner, with the assistance of a native or idiomatically trained teacher, become possessed of a few score or a few hundred sentences, and then build conversations out of them until he has become possessed of the whole language. "A sentence," he says, "is a branch with every leaf arranged in the perfect order of nature. A branch may be used for purposes of decoration, or it may be carried as a flag of truce between warring tribes. But disunited words are of no more use to a learner than a sack of loose leaves would be to the decorator or to the herald of peace." Better than learning a hundred words, he urges, is the thorough acquisition of one sentence of eight or ten every-day words. "The sentences which the learner commits to memory form the basis of his first oral exercises, and afterwards they become the models for his future guidance in composing new ones. By concentrating his attention upon them, instead of exercising it discursively upon a larger range, he acquires an idiomatic command of language on a small scale. If properly selected, a few sentences will afford him an incredible variety of expression, and he will not fail to speak grammatically, because, if he complies with the stipulations and restrictions, he cannot deviate from the true constructions, except through gross inattention to the models." From first to last, Mr. Prendergast urges the importance of conducting the study of language in the simplest, that is, in the most natural, way:—

"The course of nature combines analysis and synthesis, with a practical knowledge of all the constructions, and with a mere sufficiency, instead of a superabundance, of words. Idiomatic sentences become fixtures in the memory, and the analysis of them is so simple that it is easily performed even by young children. The latter have not, and they do not require, that critical power which educated men display in their investigations into the component parts of a new language, and the peculiar constructions thereof. The process is altogether different, and the soundness of the principle is obvious. For sentences learned by rote gradually dissolve themselves, and become decomposed, when the words are

severally used in other combinations, in the hearing of the child.

"Thus, if he has 'earned the following five syllables, 'Give me some of that,' which to him are but one word or utterance, indivisible in the first instance, his attention is attracted by any portions of it, which he may chance to hear afterward applied in a different manner, as 'Give me that;' 'I want some of that,' etc. He observes those variations; and by degrees he comprehends them, and employs them himself, not in supersession of the original sentence, but in addition to it. In this manner the analysis becomes, for all practical purposes, complete; and the meaning of the whole sentence becomes more and more clearly understood. He cannot be said to understand each of the words thoroughly, but he uses them intelligently and accurately. He cannot assign a score of meanings to the preposition 'of;' but his ignorance is not inexcusable, and it is no bar to his progress.

"Such is the analysis of nature, resulting from a series of observations and inferences, drawn by infants from the known to the unknown, from the whole to its parts.

"The synthetic operation is merely the insertion of other words, one by one, into their appropriate niches in the sentences learned by rote. Each new word corresponds grammatically with that which it displaces. Thus, in the sentence above given he may introduce 'him' instead of 'me,' and 'those' instead of 'that.' The substitution of the right word, in the right form, without any knowledge of grammar, results from that instinct of imitation and repetition which operates universally in the unsophisticated minds of children."

We have said and quoted enough to show the character of Mr. Prendergast's scheme of language-teaching. Its merits need not here be discussed. Excellent in the main, and worthy of attention from every one interested in "the mastery of languages," it is not strange that the theory is in some respects pushed too far and made too much of. "Children learn to talk," we are told, "not by laborious conversational efforts for an hour at a time, three times a week; nor by scientific analysis and careful study of elegant authors for six or eight hours a day; but by never allowing half an hour to pass by without repeating, interchanging, and transposing the whole stock of idiomatic sentences which they have learned by heart." But a man cannot become a mere child. In infancy, a sort of instinct comes in aid of language learning; speech and the comprehension of speech come rapidly because the whole energy

of the mind is thus directed in its effort to acquire knowledge and take in the lessons of experience. But the most zealous adult student of languages has a hundred other subjects of attention, and distracting influences of all sorts. He is forced to learn more slowly, and to learn in other ways. If he does follow the childish way, he runs the risk of sharing the childlike incapacity for all but the simplest things, which marked the prince of language learners, to whom we have already referred as having set forth in practice the principles proved in theory by Mr. Prendergast, and whose best friend could only say of him, "With the keys of the knowledge of every nation in his hand, he never unlocked their real treasures;" while he himself was forced to exclaim, "What am I but an unbound dictionary!"

From Good Words.

### THREE CUPS OF COLD WATER.

I.

THE princely David, with his outlaw-band,  
Lodged in the cave Adullam. Wild and fierce,  
With lion-like faces, and with eagle eyes,  
They followed where he led. The danger pressed;  
For over all the land the Philistines  
Had spread their armies. Through Rephaim's

vale  
Their dark tents mustered thick, and David's

home,  
His father's city, Bethlehem, owned them lords.  
'Twas harvest, and the crops of ripening corn  
They ravaged, and with rude feet trampled down  
The tender vines. Men hid themselves for fear  
In woods or caves. The brave undaunted few,  
Gathering round David, sought the mountain

hold.  
The sun was hot, and all day long they watched  
With spear in hand and never-resting eye,  
As those who wait for battle. But at eve  
The eye grew dim, the lips were parched with

thirst,  
And from that arid rock no trickling stream  
Of living water gushed. From time-worn skins  
The tainted drops were poured, and fevered lips  
Half-loathing drank them up. And David's soul  
Was weary; the hot simoom scorched his veins;  
The strong sun smote on him, and, faint and sick,  
He sat beneath the shadow of the rock.  
And then before his eyes a vision came,  
Cool evening, meadows green, and pleasant

sounds  
Of murmuring fountain. Oft in days of youth,  
When leading home his flocks at sunset fell,  
That fount had quenched his thirst, and dark-eyed

girls,  
The pride and joy of Bethlehem, meeting there,  
Greeted the shepherd boy, their chieftain's son  
(As, bright and fair, with waving locks of gold,  
Exulting in the flush of youth's full glow,  
He mingled with their throng), and gazing, rapt

With wonder at his beauty, gave him drink.  
And now the words came feebly from his lips,  
A murmur half in silence, which the ear  
Of faithful followers caught: "Oh! who will  
bring

From that fair stream, which, flowing by the gate  
Of Bethlehem's wall, makes music in the ear,  
One drop to cool this tongue?" They heard,  
the three,

The mightiest of the thirty, swift of foot  
As are the harts upon the mountains, strong  
As are the lions down by Jordan's banks;  
They heard and darted forth, down rock and crag  
They leaped, as leaps the torrent on its course,  
Through plain and vale they sped, and never  
stayed,

Until the wide encampment of the foe  
Warned them of danger nigh. But not for fear  
Abandoned they their task. When evening fell,  
And all the Philistines were hushed in sleep,  
And over all the plain the full bright moon  
Poured its rich lustre, onward still they stole,  
By tent fires creeping with hushed breath, and feet  
That feared to wake the echoes, till at last  
They heard the babbling music, and the gleam  
Of rippling moonlight caught their eager eye,  
And o'er them fell the shade of Bethlehem's gate.  
They tarried not. One full delicious draught  
Slaked their fierce thirst, and then with anxious  
haste

They filled their water-urn, and full of joy,  
They bore it back in triumph to their lord.  
With quickened steps they tracked their path  
again

O'er plain and valley, up o'er rock and crag,  
And as the early sunlight kissed the hills  
They stood before him. He had won their hearts  
By brave deeds, gentle words, and stainless life,  
And now they came to give him proof of love,  
And pouring out the water, bade him drink.  
But lo! he would not taste. He heard their tale  
(In few words told, as brave men tell their deeds),  
And lifting up his hands with solemn prayer,  
As though he stood a priest before the shrine,  
He poured it on the earth before the Lord.

"Far be it from me, God, that I should drink,  
The slave of selfish lust, forgetting thee,  
Forgetting these my brothers. In thine eyes  
This water fresh and cool is as the blood  
Of hero-souls who jeopardied their lives.  
That blood I may not taste. As shrink the lips  
From the hot life-stream of the paschal lamb,  
So shrinks my soul from this. To thee, O Lord,  
To thee I pour it. Thou wilt pardon me  
For mine unkingly weakness, pardon them  
For all rough deeds of war. Their noble love  
Shall cover all their sins; for thou hast claimed,  
More than all blood of bulls and goats, the will  
That, self forgetting, lives in deeds like this."

So spake the hero-king, and all the host  
Looked on and wondered; and those noble three,  
The mightiest of the thirty, felt their souls  
Knit closer to King David and to God.

## II.

THROUGH wastes of sand the train of camels  
wound  
Their lingering way. The pilgrims, hasting on

To Mecca's shrine, were grieved and vexed at  
heart,

Impatient of delay. The scorching sand  
Lay hot and blinding round them, and the blast  
Of sultry winds as from a furnace mouth  
Brought blackness to all faces. Whirling clouds  
Of white dust filled their eyes, and, falling flat,  
Crouching in fear, they waited till it passed.  
Then, lifting up their eyes, there met their gaze  
One fierce, hot glare, a waveless sea of sand.  
No track of pilgrims' feet, nor whitening bones  
Of camels or of asses marked their way.  
They wandered on, by sun and moon and stars  
Guessing their path, not knowing where they  
went;

But Mecca's shrine they saw not. Day by day,  
Their scant stores scantier grew. Their camels  
died;

No green oasis met their yearning eyes,  
No rippling stream brought gladness to their  
hearts;

But glittering lakes that sparkled in the light,  
Girt with the soft green tufts of feathery palm,  
Enticed them, hour by hour, to wander on,  
And, as they neared them, turned to wastes of  
sand.

They thirsted, and with looks of blank despair  
Beheld the emptied skins. One only, borne  
By Ka'ab's camel, met their wistful gaze,—  
Ka'ab, the rich, the noble, he who knew  
The depths of Islam,\* unto Allah's will  
Resigning all his soul. And now he showed  
How out of that submission flows the strength  
For noblest acts of love. That priceless store  
He claimed not as his own: the "mine" and  
"thine"

Of selfish right he scattered to the winds,  
And to his fellow-pilgrims offered all.  
They shared it all alike. To Ka'ab's self  
And Ka'ab's slave an equal portion came.  
"Allah is great," he cried, about to drink  
With thankful adoration, when a wail  
Of eager craving burst from parched lips,  
And upturned eyes with fevered anguish watched  
The precious life-draught. Ka'ab heard that cry,  
His eye beheld that anguish, and his heart  
Was stirred with pity. Tasting not a drop,  
With calm and loving look he passed the cup  
To those poor dying lips, and bore his thirst,  
As martyrs bear their flames. His soul had  
learned,

Not Islam's creed alone that God is great:  
A mightier name was written on his heart,  
"God, the compassionate, the merciful;"  
And yielding up his will to God's, the three—  
Compassion, power, and greatness—were as one.  
So ends the tale. And whether death came  
soon

As sleep's twin-brother, with the longed-for rest,  
And clear bright streams in paradise refreshed  
The fevered thirst of earth—or if the dawn  
Revealed the distant gleam of Mecca's shrine,  
And led those pilgrims on to Zemzem's fount,  
We know not. This we know, that evermore,  
Like living water from the flinty rock,

\* The word Islam—"Resignation"—embodies the  
one great law of Mahometan ethics,—submission to  
the will of God.

Gladdening the hearts of Hagar's sons, as once  
God's angel helped the mother and her child,  
The memory of that noble deed flows on,  
And quickens into life each fainting heart,  
And through long ages, in each Arab's tent  
It passed into a proverb: "Ka'ab's deed  
Of noble goodness:—There is none like that."\*

## III.

THE setting sun fell low on Zutphen's plain;  
The fight was over, and the victory won,  
And out of all the din and stir of war  
They bore the flower of Christian chivalry,  
The life-blood gushing out. He came, the pure,  
The true, the stainless, all youth's fiery glow,  
All manhood's wisdom, blended into one,  
To help the weak against the strong, to drive  
The Spaniard from a land which was not his,  
And claim the right of all men to be free,—  
Free in their life, their polity, their faith.  
He came, no poor ambition urging on,  
But loyalty and duty, first to God,  
And then to her, the Virgin Queen, who ruled  
His guileless heart, and of a thousand good  
Found him the best. We wonder that he bowed  
Before so poor an idol, knowing not  
That noble souls transfer their nobleness  
To that whereon they gaze, and through the veils  
Of custom or of weakness reach the heart  
That beats, as theirs, with lofty thoughts and  
true.

And now that life is ebbing. Men had hoped  
To see in him the saviour of the State  
From thickening perils, one in open war  
To cope with Alva, and in subtle skill,  
Bating no jot of openness and truth,  
To baffle all the tortuous wiles of Spain.  
And some who knew him better hoped to see  
His poet's spirit do a poet's work,  
With sweetest music giving voice and shape  
To all the wondrous thoughts that stirred the age,  
Moving the world's great heart, attracting all,  
The children at their play, the old men bent  
By blazing hearths, to listen and rejoice.

And now his sun was setting. Faint and weak  
They bore him to his tent, and loss of blood  
Brought on the fevered thirst of wounded men,  
And he, too, craved for water. Brothers true,  
Companions of his purpose and his risk,  
Brought from the river in their helmet cup  
The draught he longed for. Yet he drank it not;  
That eye had fallen on another's woe,  
That ear was open to another's sigh,  
That hand was free to give, and pitying love,  
In that sharp pain of death, had conquered self.  
The words were few and simple: "Not for me;  
I may not taste; he needs it more than I."  
Few as all noblest words are, pearls and gems  
Of rarest lustre; but they found their way,  
More than all gifts of speech or poet's skill,  
To stir the depths of England's heart of hearts,  
And gave to Sydney's name a brighter life,  
A nobler fame through all the immortal years,

\*The saying, and the narrative out of which it  
grew, are given by Erpenius in his collection of  
Arab proverbs.

Than Raleigh's friendship, or his own brave  
deeds

Or counsels wise, or Spenser's silver notes,—  
A trumpet-call to bid the heart awake,  
A beacon-light to all the rising youth,  
Fit crown of glory to that stainless life,  
The perfect pattern of a Christian knight,  
The noblest hero of our noblest age.

## IV.

AND one day they shall meet before their God,  
The Hebrew and the Moslem and the flower  
Of England's knighthood. On the great white  
throne

The Judge shall sit, and from his lips shall flow  
Divinest words: "Come, friends and brothers,  
come;

I speak as one whose soul has known your pangs;  
Your weariness and woe were also mine;  
The cry, 'I thirst,' has issued from these lips,  
And I, too, would not drink, but bore the pain,  
Yielding my will to do my Father's work,  
And so that work was finished; so I learnt  
The fullest measure of obedience, learnt  
The wide deep love embracing all mankind,  
Passing through all the phases of their woe,  
That I before their God might plead for all.  
And thus through all the pulses of their life  
I suffer when they suffer; count each deed  
Of mercy done to them as done to me.  
Am one with them in sorrow and in joy,  
Rejoicing in their likeness to my life,  
And bearing still the burden of their sins  
For which I once was offered. I was there,  
The light of each man's soul, in that wild cave,  
On that parched desert, on that tented field;  
That self-forgetting love I owned as mine,  
And ye, who, true to that diviner Light  
Which triumphed over nature, when ye gave  
That water to the thirsty, gave to me.  
Brother, and friend, and Lord of all men, I  
Count nothing human alien to myself,  
And lifted up upon the cross, I draw  
By that supremest love the hearts of all.  
Come therefore, come, ye blessed, to the light  
That, shining through the world's great darkness,  
led

Your feet the upward path. That Light ye saw,  
Or dimly dawning on the mountain height,  
Or bursting forth in glory as the morn,  
Or brightening onward to the perfect day,  
And, seeing it, were glad. Ye heard the voice  
Which bade you mount the steep and narrow way,  
And did not close your ears. Ye knew not then  
Whence came the light, and whose the voice that  
spake.

Now, when all mists are fled, and ever hushed  
The world's loud murmur, ye shall see and hear,  
As children looking on their Father's face,  
And welcomed by their Brother's words of peace.  
Yours was the work of yielding all for him,  
Through clouds and darkness pressing on in  
faith;

Yours the reward of looking back on life,  
The fight well fought, the race well run, to see  
That all things true and good were wrought in  
God."